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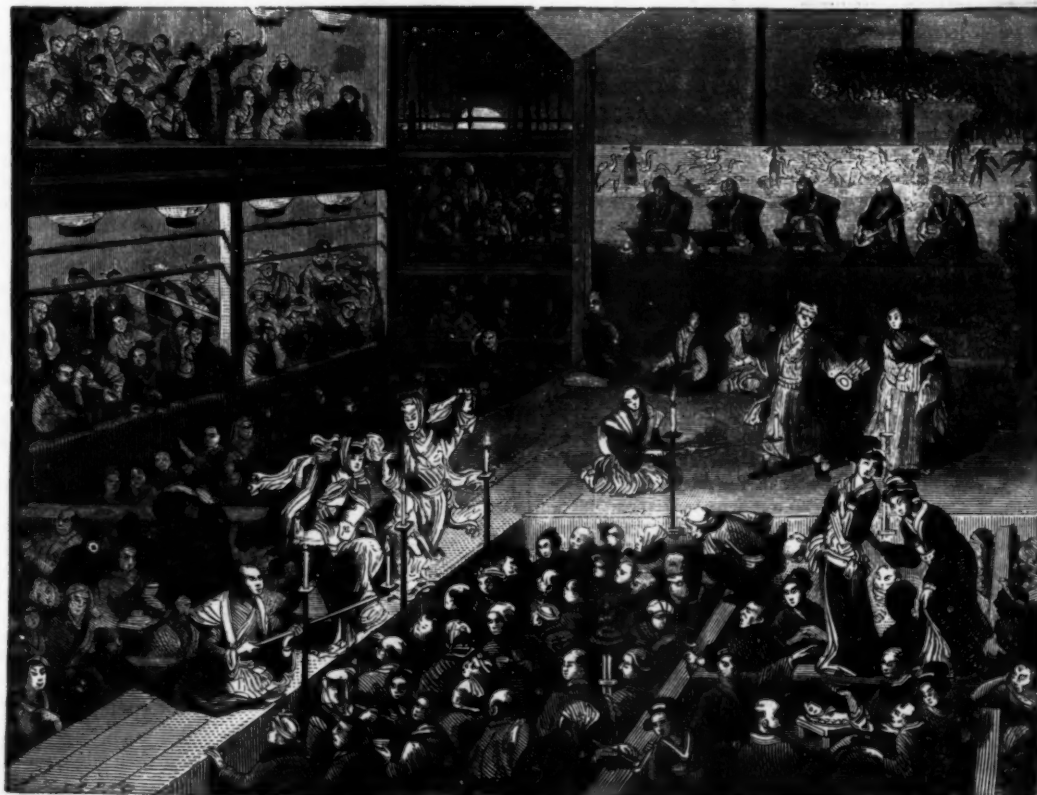
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JAPANESE THEATRES.

THE theatres of Yeddo, the famous capital of Japan, are nearly all gathered in the great square of Yamasta, the most thronged locality of the city. There are from twenty to thirty places of amusement, large and small—theatres for buffoons, jugglers, narrators of legends, and the actors of farces and historic masquerades, besides one or two Olympic circuses. On the sides of the square, at the entrances to the public gardens, and along the promenades, planted with trees, there are any number of little restaurants, light booths, and sheds, devoted to recreations of a lighter character, such as those that characterize German beer-gardens or English concert-saloons. The materials of which these are built are everywhere the same—all light and very destructible. But, if the buildings are uniform and simple in

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their construction, not so the devices to secure patronage. From façade to façade, there is an incredible luxury of posters, signs, pictures, and banners, of the most brilliant colors, displayed. The criers, on their part, add to all these allurements the charms of a florid and indefatigable eloquence, with an assorted accompaniment of big drums, tambourines, fifes, and trumpets. The principal spectacles announce themselves, to a distance, by means of high, square towers, which are, in reality, nothing more than bamboo-cages covered with oiled paper.

The Japanese theatre is largely modelled upon the Chinese, both dramatists and actors being more or less controlled by the conventional methods of their masters of the Celestial Empire. But, if Japanese actors are inferior as artists, and the Japanese drama is not



Japanese Theatre.—The Dance.



Japanese Theatre.—Scenes before the Curtain.

equal in literary merit to that of the Chinese, the performances in the theatres of the former are superior in a poetic point of view, being characterized by greater simplicity, more passion, and greater fidelity to Nature. In China, the audience witness the representation, and judge the performers, while in Japan the audience take part in the representation, and become, in some measure, the rivals of the performers. The dramatic authors of Yeddo write chiefly for the theatres of their own city; from these their pieces soon find their way to the other cities of the empire. The troupes of comedians of Asaksa spend their vacations in travelling in the provinces, like the troupes of athletes of Hondjo. They are composed of men exclusively. Women are only employed on the Japanese stage as dancers in the grand opera.

The great theatre of Japan is the Sibaia, which presents one of the most interesting curiosities in the world. It is the theatre, *par excellence*, of the middle classes of Japan, but it attracts also many of the coolies and of the other lower orders. All who, in the social scale, are above the middle classes, either abstain entirely from going to the theatre, or have boxes, provided with a grating, to separate them from the rest of the auditorium.

Among the crowds that assemble in the neighborhoods of the theatres at the hour of the parade, it is rare that a man is seen with two sabres—the mark of noble rank. It is not that a Samaurai may not be seen here and there among the common people, but he is careful to guard the strictest *incognito*. A nobleman (*naiboun*), disguised and without arms, can go almost anywhere without compromising his dignity, although he may be recognised.

The grand parade always takes place just before sundown. On a sort of platform, at the right and left of the theatre-door, a delegation of the company appear, in ordinary citizens' costume, and harangue the multitude, announcing the subjects of the pieces for the evening, and enlarging on the superior merits of the principal artists to whom their interpretation is intrusted. To this exordium, delivered with becoming emphasis, succeeds a series of hackneyed witticisms, more or less mimicry, and an exhibition of the grand art of manipulating the inevitable fan. The lanterns are now lighted, and a crier sings out,

at the top of his shrill voice, "Walk in, gentlemen! Walk in, ladies! Secure your places; now is the moment; we are about to begin!"

No one, however, is in any haste to profit by this pressing invitation; the spectacle in the street operating as a powerful counter-attraction. Two or three rows of small lanterns, suspended in front of the building, do their share toward enlivening the scene, while, near the doors, there are enormous oblong lanterns, so placed as to throw their light on large wooden posters, containing inscriptions and rude paintings, representing the principal scenes of the pieces. Some of these wooden posters are as high as the building itself. Each theatre has its arms and colors, which are made to ornament its signs, banners, and lanterns, and, in gigantic proportions, three sides of a sort of belvedere, or square tower, on the top of the edifice. All the buildings adjoining those of the Sabaia are occupied by restaurants, and rival the theatre in external decoration, not in the extent of ornament, but in its artistic merit. This decoration consists usually of such paintings and sculpture as the name of the establishment suggests. There is a restaurant of the Foussi-Yama, another of the Rising Sun, of the Merchant Junk, of the Crane, of the Two Lovers, etc.

But it is time to enter the theatre. We ascend the wooden stairs that lead to the second gallery. An usher opens a spacious box for us, and his servant brings, on a salver, *saki*, tea, cakes, candies, pipes, tobacco, and a *brasero*. The auditoriums of the Japanese theatres are usually oblong in form, with two tiers, the places in the upper being considered the more desirable. In this tier, there are always a good many ladies in *grande toilette*, that is, immersed up to their ears in their crape robes and silk mantles. The lower gallery is occupied only by men. There are no foot-lights, nor is there any orchestra. The parterre, seen from a distance, resembles a chess-board, being divided into compartments of eight places each. The greater part of them are rented by the year to well-to-do families, who occupy them with their children and their visitors, when they have any, from the provinces. Aisles are unknown in Japanese theatres. The places in the

parterre are reached by walking over the tops of the partitions between the compartments, which are on a level with the shoulders of the auditors, who sit either on the floor or on little boxes. Nor are there any steps to aid the descent into these pens when they are reached; the men jump into them first, and then assist the women and children to follow. These manoeuvres form the most picturesque part of the preliminaries of the evening's entertainment. Tobacco and refreshments are passed around by servants during the entire representation.

On both sides of the parterre extend two narrow platforms, as far as the front of the auditorium. They are only a prolongation of the stage, and are used as such, especially by the dancers. The hall is lighted by means of paper lanterns suspended from the galleries. There is no chandelier hung from the ceiling, which is flat; the cupola is unknown in Japanese architecture.

The drop-curtain is ornamented with a gigantic inscription in Chinese characters, and surmounted with a target pierced by an arrow. This is a symbolic manner of assuring the spectators that the great talent of the performers is certain to excite their highest admiration.

In the mean time, the crowd manifests a certain degree of impatience; the monotony of the scene, however, is broken by an altercation, enlivened with some blows, among a party of coolies, who occupy one of the compartments directly before the curtain. The actors interfere, in order to restore order, some of them thrusting their heads through the holes that long use has made in the Chinese characters, while others crawl under the curtain. Order is soon re-established. The coolies themselves mount upon the stage at the invitation of the comedians, who seem to assign them positions, or give them a task to perform, and, indeed, it is with the aid of their sturdy arms that the heavy curtain is raised slowly to the ceiling, while the musicians of the troupe, stationed behind the wings, make a racket with their tambourines, gongs, flutes, and castanets, sufficient to silence the demons of pandemonium.

The representation usually lasts till one o'clock in the morning. It

consists of a comedy, a tragedy, a fairy opera, with a ballet and two or three interludes, such as the performances of gymnasts, jugglers, etc.

The actors to whom the management wishes to call particular attention are escorted by two *coskeis*, each carrying a little chandelier, with the candles burning, fixed to the end of a *bdton*. The spectators have only to follow the movements of the chandeliers to know what they are expected to admire: now the facial expression of the comedian, now his picturesque attitude, his gestures, and sometimes also the details of his costume and *coiffure*. The dancers are shown off in like manner.

Often, during the ballet, the *coskeis*, squatted down on the long platforms, or stage-extensions, profit by the proximity of the spectators to have them extinguish the candle of their little chandeliers, which any of them are ready enough to do with their fingers. It would be impossible to imagine an audience possessed of more animation and good-nature. In their representations of domestic comedies, it is not unusual to see the audience interrupt the actors with observations and replies. Both parties do what they can to insure the success of the evening, and to contribute to the general enjoyment.

The green-room and the wings of the Oriental theatres offer as much to interest the observing foreigner as the representation itself, and the audience assembled to witness it. Men only are seen there, except now and then the wives of some of the artists or a waiting-woman who serves refreshments. In the midst of the general disorder that prevails, we soon distinguish certain groups that have their especial characteristics. Here are the musicians, partaking of some refreshments; there are two comedians, rehearsing the attitudes and gestures that, in a few minutes, are to excite the admiration of the spectators. Another sits on the floor before a mirror, and paints his face or adjusts a female head-dress, while at his side stands a young devil, who has thrown his mask, his horns, and mane, back on his shoulders, and is using his fan energetically. On the opposite side of the room, the *Seigneur Matamore* may, perhaps, be seen, tranquilly smoking his pipe, in a circle of buffoons.



Japanese Theatre.—Scenes behind the Curtain.

NEW-YORK CHARITY INSTITUTIONS.

(Continued.)

THE HOWARD MISSION AND HOME FOR LITTLE WANDERERS, No. 40 New Bowery.—This mission was organized in 1861; it is regularly incorporated; it is not sectarian; it never turns a homeless child from its doors; it neither asks nor receives aid from the State or city, but is supported entirely by voluntary contributions.

The field of operations of this mission is the notorious fourth ward and its vicinity. This region is well known as a centre of poverty, vice, and degradation, and presents a field of labor for the philanthropist such as is hardly to be found in any other portion of the city.

The primary object of the mission is to care for neglected and abused children, whether orphans or not, and also for the children of honest and struggling poverty. It further undertakes to aid and comfort the sick, to furnish food, shelter, and clothes, to the destitute, to procure work for the unemployed, and to impart intellectual, moral, and religious instruction to all who are willing to receive it.

The mission was originally located on the east side of New Bowery, at No. 37. In 1867, the board purchased nearly six lots, opposite the old location, running from New Bowery through to Roosevelt Street.

The buildings the board are desirous to erect will offer, when complete, a shelter for about one thousand persons, in their various departments, which will consist of a chapel, fifty by eighty feet, over a basement of the same size, thirteen and a half feet between joints; a child's hospital; a day nursery, where poor women can leave their little ones, while they go out to work; and a laundry, where the same class of women can come and do their washing, or wash for others. Lodgings will be provided for poor girls, who are frequently without friends, money, work, food, or shelter. There will also be a home for children, until they can be provided with permanent homes by their friends or by the mission; four school-rooms, forty-four by twenty-six feet; dining-rooms, work-rooms, baths, etc.

Only a portion of these buildings for this admirable charity have, thus far, been erected. Reason, want of means.

LEAKE AND WATTS ORPHAN ASYLUM, One Hundred and Eleventh and One Hundred and Twelfth Streets, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues.—Among the many charities in New-York City, there is not one that appeals more strongly to the sympathies of the philanthropist, is more benevolent in design, or more meritorious in its mission, than this noble institution. It designs to be a home for the desti-

tute orphan, left in infancy without the means of subsistence. The location of the institution is all that could be desired; its site is remarkably salubrious, and its founders wisely secured ample space, not only for spacious play-grounds, but also for a garden and necessary pasturage.

The institution was incorporated March 7, 1831. On Saturday, April 23, 1838, the corner-stone of the main building was laid with appropriate ceremonies, and, on November 15, 1843, the home was opened for the reception of helpless orphans. The whole number received, provided for, and educated, by the institution, since it was opened, is about nine hundred, more than two-thirds of whom have been boys. At the age of fourteen, they are bound to trades or services, if then deemed in condition to be indentured; and, when thus indentured, every precaution is taken to guard their rights and insure their welfare. There are two schools open during five days of the week—one for boys, the other for girls.

The institution is not sectarian, and receives no aid whatever either from the city or State.

THE UNION HOME AND SCHOOL, West Fifty-eighth Street, near Eighth Avenue.—Organized May 22, 1861; chartered April 23, 1862.

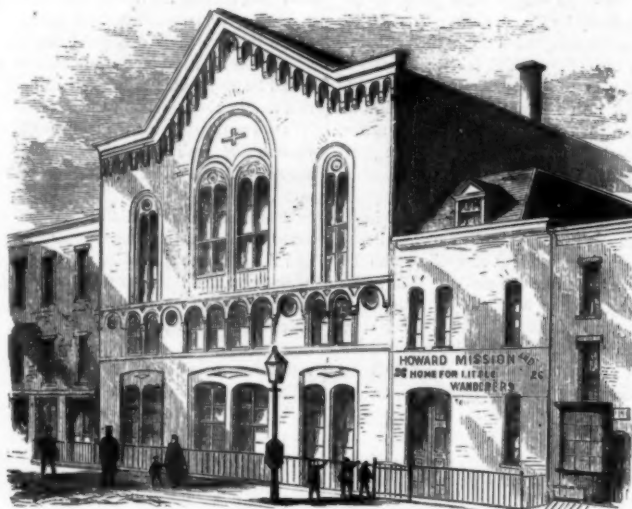
The object of this institution is, to provide a home and educational facilities, either temporary or permanent, for all destitute children of the soldiers or seamen who were killed or disabled in the late war. It is the first institution of the kind established in the country.

To obtain admission into the Home, no other conditions are required than the proof that the applicants are the children of soldiers or sailors of the late war, and that the surviving parent or parents are unable to support them at home. No prepayment on admission is demanded; all are provided for gratuitously. In a few cases, the mothers assist in clothing the children; but these are exceptions.

The institution has now a large place in Deposit, Broome County, on the Erie Railroad, to which many of the children are sent, the house in Fifty-eighth Street being used as a house of reception.

Since the Home was organized, it has provided, temporarily or permanently, for about two thousand three hundred children. The number received last year was four hundred and twenty-six.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S ASYLUM, East Eighty-sixth Street, Corner of Avenue A.—This institution was founded in 1859, by the Rev. Father Joseph Helmspraeht. The building now occupied was erected the following



Howard Mission and Home for Little Wanderers.



Leake and Watts Orphan Asylum.

year. It is eighty by forty feet, fronting on Eighty-ninth Street, and will accommodate comfortably about two hundred children. The number of inmates on the 1st of March last was one hundred and sixty-six.

The object of the institution is the support of orphan, half-orphan, destitute, and neglected Roman Catholic children, especially those of German origin.

THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, No. 155 Worth Street.

—The Five Points has an almost world-wide notoriety. Originally, the locality that has been long known as the Five Points, was the site of a pond of water fifty feet deep in the centre, and surrounded by low, swampy ground. On this pond, it is said, the first boat sailed that was ever propelled by steam. This mud-hole was gradually filled up, but badly drained. Here three streets intersect, forming five corners, which gave to the locality its name. Such was the physical appearance of the place in 1850, at which time it teemed with a population that embodied every thing that is low and vile. As early as 1848 the ladies of the Home Missionary Society connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church, fixed their eyes upon the Five Points as a legitimate sphere for their labors. "We feel," said they, in their report of that year, "that this is emphatically mission ground. We plead for the children, because through them we hope to reach the parents."

Early in 1850, the Rev. Lewis Morris Pease was selected by the New York Annual Conference to establish a mission in the vicinity of the Five Points. Mr. Pease began his labors under the auspices of the ladies' society above named, and entered upon the discharge of his duties with much earnestness; but, differing from the ladies in his views with regard to conducting the mission, he soon became alienated, and after a brief period dissolved his connection with them, determined to prosecute his work according to his own plans, looking to the generosity of the public for support. He now gave himself up, with his excellent wife, so zealously to his work, that he excited the sympathy of the philanthropic wherever his work was known. Although without means, he hired five houses on his own responsibility. These he filled from the occupants of the wretched dens around him, provided them with work, disposed of the products of their labor, opened schools, and conducted religious services, until his strength began to fail under the burden. The public becoming interested in his enterprise, donations were freely offered. The work grew so rapidly on his hands that in 1854 he gladly surrendered the mission into the hands of several gentlemen, who consented to act as trustees, and take the control and management of the institution.

The buildings in which the work was prosecuted being very incon-

venient, the trustees took immediate steps to erect a suitable structure. Ground was purchased on Worth Street, and a six-story building was erected, which was completed in 1856. The ground and building cost about thirty-six thousand dollars. A large encumbrance remained on the property, but a bequest from Mr. Sickles of twenty thousand dollars enabled the trustees to free the institution from debt. In 1864, they received another considerable sum, ten thousand dollars, from Mr. Chauncy Rose, which enabled them to greatly enlarge their operations. They purchased some lots adjoining their property, and erected thereon a large two-story building ninety by forty-five feet. The ground-floor was used for a chapel, and the second floor for school-rooms, until it was recently torn down to give place to a larger structure.

The character of the charity has changed somewhat from time to time, but for the last six years it has been pretty much the same. The great work is with the children. The usual number in attendance is about four hundred, nearly one-half of whom are inmates of the house. The remainder are the children of the very poor. These children get all their meals and most of their clothing at the house.

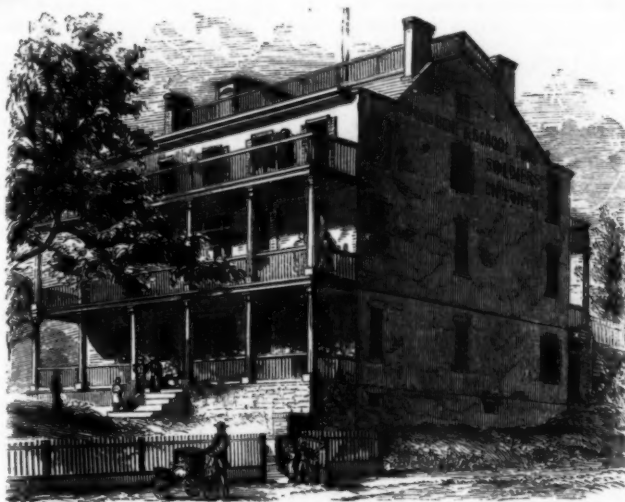
Besides the children, the House of Industry always has from thirty to forty adult females under its roof. These are homeless women, who wish to obtain situations as servants. About six hundred are provided for in this way annually.

The whole number received as inmates of the house up to the present time is about twenty thousand. The number of lodgings furnished yearly is some ninety thousand, and the daily number of meals averages more than one thousand. No one is ever refused a meal. Sometimes as many as a hundred and fifty hungry men and women may be seen at the dinner-table of this institution.

The House is supported wholly by voluntary contributions; it is entirely dependent on what is sent *unsolicited*.

In its management it is entirely free from any thing that has the semblance of sectarianism.

THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.—This charity was organized in the spring of 1850, by the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the city of New York. By the suggestion of Mrs. C. R. Deul, then second directress, the society purchased the notorious "Old Brewery," at the Five Points, known as the "Headquarters of Satan," a rotten, loathsome building, tenanted by hundreds of the most abandoned of God's creatures. An alley extended around the whole building; on the north side it was of irregular width, wide at the entrance and gradually tapering to a point. On the opposite side the passageway was known as the "Murderer's Alley," and it led to some ground-floor apartments known as "The Den of Thieves." The occupants of



Union Home and School.



St. Joseph's Asylum.

this building were a terror to the neighborhood, and even policemen hesitated to enter it alone after dark. But the old walls, that had long resounded with curses, were razed to the ground, and, on the 27th of January, 1863, the corner-stone of a new building was laid by the Rev. Bishop James. It soon became apparent that the Sunday-school first established was not sufficient to meet the wants of the hundreds of children running wild about the streets, unwilling to enter the public schools, but ready to attend where all felt on an equality. A day-school was therefore opened, and the number of scholars soon increased to two hundred.

Intemperance prevailed to such an extent in this neighborhood that even children were often found intoxicated. Temperance societies were immediately formed, and during the first year over one thousand were induced to sign the pledge. The advocacy of temperance is still one of the great features of this mission.

About one thousand homeless and friendless children have been provided with permanent homes by this mission. Several of these children have entered the ministry, and many of them are occupying highly honorable social positions. The number of children taught in the week-day schools of the mission has been eleven hundred and sixty; the average daily attendance is four hundred and twelve. The number of children adopted during the past year was eleven; for fifty-five comfortable homes were secured, and one hundred and twenty-six adults were provided with places.

The children of the schools are provided with a lunch every day at twelve o'clock. In this and other ways the mission has given over one hundred and twenty-six thousand rations during the past year; it has also distributed four thousand seven hundred articles of clothing, including many pairs of shoes and over fifty bedquilts.

There are always about twenty families living in the mission building rent free, but under regulations requiring them to support themselves and observe the rules of the institution.

The entire establishment is under the supervision of the Rev. James N. Shaffer.

THE AMERICAN FEMALE GUARDIAN SOCIETY AND HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS, No. 29 East Twenty-ninth Street, and No. 30 East Thirtieth Street.—This society was organized and began operations in 1834. The meetings of the executive committee were at first held in a rear basement under the old Tract House. The primary object of the early members of the society was to protect, befriend, and train to virtue and usefulness those for whom no man seemed to care.

In 1846, the society determined to solicit from the public the means to erect a home for the friendless. The people generously responded to their appeal, and in December, 1848, the home on Thirtieth Street was opened for the reception of that class of unfortunates for whom the society had so long labored, without having a shelter even for the most destitute and de-

serving, except their own dwellings. In 1856, the work of the society had so greatly increased that its board of counsellors deemed it advisable to increase their facilities by erecting a building for a home chapel, a home hospital, etc., on Twenty-ninth Street. This enlargement was accordingly begun, but it was necessary to raise twenty thousand dollars by mortgage to complete it. In 1861, the managers, anxious to get out of debt, appealed to their friends, through the medium of the *Advocate and Guardian*, a semi-monthly paper they publish. This appeal brought them two thousand eight hundred dollars. An application was made at the same time to the Legislature for assistance, and that body voted them ten thousand dollars. The remainder of the twenty thousand dollars was collected in the course of the year, and the institution saw itself once more out of debt.

The work of the society is now fourfold: the Home, the Industrial School, the Visiting Committees, and the Publishing Department.

The Home is not so much an asylum as a temporary retreat for outcast children, until they can be otherwise provided for by the managers. The Home also shel-

ters many youthful adults until they can be restored to their friends or furnished with employment. No worthy suppliant is ever turned away.

The regulations establish that—"Young females, of good moral character, destitute of funds, friends or home, shall be received into this institution, by order of a manager or at the discretion of the matron, until their cases can be examined, after which, if approved as worthy applicants, they shall be boarded and employed till suitable places or occupation can be found for them. Friendless and destitute girls under the age of fourteen and over three years of age, and boys under ten and over three years old, either orphans or abandoned by their parents, may be received and provided for until permanent homes can be secured for them, by adoption or otherwise. Invalids are not admitted."

The industrial schools are seven in number. The children are taught to read, sew, sing, etc., and are initiated into cleanly and industrious habits.

The statistics of the society for the year ending May, 1869, show: Adults in the Home, 227; adults provided with situations, 1,000; children in the Home, 452; regular attendants in the industrial schools, 1,800; irregular, 2,632; total number of beneficiaries, 5,811; loaves of bread given to the poor, 1,650; loaves furnished to industrial schools, 42,000.

In a notice of the death of one of the most active members of this society, we find the following record, which gives a very good

idea of the doings of what one member of the society had accomplished in its philanthropic purpose: "Among the results of her labors, over two hundred places have been provided for the homeless, and for some thirty orphan and worse than orphan children foster-parents have been found."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Five Points House of Industry



Ladies' Home Missionary Society.

PROFESSOR WITTEMBACH'S STORY;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF LOKIS.

(Conclusion.)

"PROFESSOR," said the count, after a pretty long silence, "you are going to have a laugh at me. This old witch knows me better than she allows, and the road she has just shown me. After all, there is nothing surprising in that. All the country-people know me as well as the White Wolf. She has seen me more than once, no doubt on my way to Dowghliello Castle. There is a young lady to be married, and the gossips pretend that I am in love with her. Some handsome officer, moreover, may have greased her paw to foretell me ill-luck. All that is obvious; and yet, in spite of reason, her words move me. I am almost frightened. You laugh, and you are right. The truth is, that I had intended calling to dine at Dowghliello, and now I hesitate. I am a great fool! Come, professor, decide yourself. Shall we go?"

"I shall take care to have no voice," I answered, laughing. "On questions touching marriage, I never give advice."

We had rejoined our horses. The count vaulted lightly into the saddle, and, dropping the reins, cried, "The horse shall choose for us!" The horse did not hesitate; he entered at once a little path, which, after several turns, merged into a beaten road, and this road led to Dowghliello. Half an hour afterward, we were at the threshold of that castle.

At the tramp of our horses' feet, a pretty and blond head appeared at a window between two curtains. I recognized my perfidious benefactress of the legendary ballad. "Welcome," said she. "You could not have timed your visit better, Count Szemioth. I have just received a dress from Paris. You will not know me, I shall be such a belle!"

The curtains closed. As we went up the stairway, the count muttered between his teeth:

"It is not, certainly, on my account, that she was giving this dress a first airing."

He presented me to Madame Dowghliello, the Panna Iwiska's aunt, who received me very courteously, and spoke of my last articles in the *Königsberg Scientific and Literary Gazette*.

"The professor," said the count, "comes to claim redress of you against Miss Ioulka, who has been playing a naughty trick upon him."

"She is a child, professor. We must pardon her. She often tries my patience with her wildness. At sixteen, I was more reasonable than she is at twenty; but she is a good girl after all, and has solid qualities. She is a very good musician, and paints flowers divinely. She speaks French, German, and Italian, like her native tongue. She embroders—"

"And she makes Jmoude verses!" added the count, laughing.

"She is incapable of that!" cried Madame Dowghliello, to whom we had to explain the joke her niece had played upon me.

Madame Dowghliello was well informed, and versed in the antiquities of her country. Her conversation pleased me in a singular degree. She read our German reviews, and had sound ideas upon philology. I confess that I did not note how long the fair panna was in dressing, but it seemed a great while to Count Szemioth, who rose and sat down again, looked out the window, and drummed on the panes with impatience.

At last, after nearly an hour, appeared Miss Ioulka, followed by her French governess, and wearing, with grace and pride, the dress to describe which would require talents far transcending those of an humble professor of languages.

"Am I not beautiful?" she asked the count, as she spherically revolved upon her axis, presenting all her zones in succession to his admiring eyes. She looked neither at me nor at the count—she contemplated her dress.

"How, Ioulka," said Madame Dowghliello, "you don't say good-day to the professor, who complains of you?"

"Ah, mein Herr Professor," she said, with a charming little pout, "what have I done? Are you going to have me locked up in the penitential closet?"

"We should put ourselves there, fräulein," I replied, "if we deprived ourselves of your presence. I am far from complaining, my-

self. I am happy, on the contrary, to be indebted to you for knowing that the Lithuanian muse revives more brilliant than ever."

She bowed her head, and put her hands before her face, taking care not to derange her curls. "Forgive me, I won't do so again," said she, in the tone of a child that has been stealing sweetmeats.

"I will pardon you, dear Pani," I answered, "only upon condition of fulfilling a certain promise which you graciously made me at Wilno."

"What promise?" she asked, raising her head and laughing.

"Can you have already forgotten that evening at Princess Katayna's palace, when you were boasting of one of your native dances, and promised you would show it to me if we ever met in Samogitia?"

"Oh, the *roussalka*! I am charming in it, and here is the very man I want."

She skipped to a table, on which lay a pile of music-books, turned the leaves of one rapidly, set it in front of an open piano, and, calling her governess, "*Tenez, chère amie, allegro presto!*" And she played, herself, without sitting down, the *ritournello*, to indicate the movement. "Come forward, Count Michel, you are too true a Lithuanian not to dance the *roussalka* well; but, dance like a peasant, you understand?"

Madame Dowghliello endeavored to put in a remonstrance, but in vain. The count and I insisted. He had his reasons; for his part in this play was most agreeable, as we shall soon see. The governess, after a few trials, said she thought she could play this kind of waltz, strange as it was; and the fair panna, having moved some chairs and a table out of the way, caught her partner by the collar of his coat, and led him into the middle of the room. "You shall know, mein Herr Professor, that I am a *roussalka*, at your service." She made a grand courtesy. "A *roussalka* is a water-nymph. One of them lives in every pool of dark, deep waters that gem our forests. Do not go too near them! The *roussalka* issues, still prettier than me, if that is possible; she carries you down to the bottom, where, according to all appearances, she eats you."

"A true siren!" I exclaimed.

"He," continued Miss Iwiska, pointing to Count Szemioth, "is a young fisherman, a great ninny, who exposes himself to my claws, and I, to make the pleasure last longer, am going to fascinate him by dancing round him. Ah, but to do it well, I must have a *sarafanc*.* What a pity! You must really excuse this dress, which has no character, no local color. Oh, and I have shoes on! Impossible to dance the *roussalka* with shoes! And with heels, too!" She raised her dress, and, shaking a pretty little foot very gracefully, at the risk of showing her leg a little, she flitted one shoe to the end of the room, the other followed it, and she stood in her stocking-feet. "All ready, *chère amie*!" she asked, and now the dance commenced.

The *roussalka* turns and returns around her partner. He puts out his arms to clasp her, and she passes under and escapes him. It is very graceful, the music has movement and originality. The figure terminates when the cavalier, motioning to seize the *roussalka*, to give her a kiss, she makes a bound, strikes him on the shoulder, and he falls at her feet as if dead. But the count, whose dramatic reputation in the rôle of dead man was so well established with the bears, here improvised a variation from the text, which was to clasp the frolicksome maiden in his arms, and give her a real hug and kiss. Miss Iwiska uttered a little cry, blushed crimson, and, pouting, threw herself upon the sofa, complaining that he had squeezed her, like a bear, as he was. I saw that this comparison did not please the count, for it recalled to him a family misfortune; his brow darkened. On my part, I thanked the panna with effusion, and lauded her dance, which seemed to me quite antique in its character, recalling the sacred dances of the Greeks. I was interrupted by a servant, who announced General and the Princess Veliainof. Miss Iwiska made a bound from the sofa to her shoes, thrust her little feet into them hastily, and ran to meet the princess, to whom she made, in quick succession, two profound courtesies. I remarked that each time she adroitly pulled up the heel of her shoe on either side. The general brought two aides-de-camp, and came, like ourselves, to share pot-luck. Elsewhere, the mistress of the house would have been a little embarrassed to receive, all at once, six unexpected and hungry guests, but such is the abundance and the hospitality of Lithuanian mansions, that the dinner was not delayed more than half an hour. Only the pies, hot and cold, rather superabounded.

* A peasant's gown without waist.

IV.

We really enjoyed our dinner at Dowghlielly. The general mentioned very interesting points about the languages which are spoken in the Caucasus, some of which are Aryan, others Touranian, although, among the different peoples, there is a remarkable conformity of manners and customs. This fact harmonizes with the view of an alliance which the Aryan branch of the Caucasian families (conquerors of Assyria and Egypt, and prominently represented by Europe) make to the northward with the Touranian families, through the Slaves, the Muscovites, and the Cossacks; as, on the other hand, the Semite branch of the Caucasians is allied through Moors, Tuariks, Nubians, and Abyssinians, with the negroid type of the South.* I was induced to speak of my own travels, because Count Szemioth felicitated me upon my style of riding, and said that he had never met a minister or professor equal to such a tramp through the primeval forest as we had made with so much ease. I then mentioned that, having been commissioned by the Bible Society with a work upon the language of the Charruas, I had passed three years and a half in the republic of Uruguay, almost constantly on horseback, and living in the *pampas* among the Indians. Thus I was led on to relate that having, on one occasion, been three days lost in these extensive plains, without food or water, I was reduced to do like the Guachos who accompanied me—bleed my horse and drink his blood.

All the ladies were horrified. The general remarked that the Calmucks did the same in such extremities. The count asked me, how I relished that drink.

"Morally," I replied, "it went much against me, but physically I was all the better for it, and to it I owe the honor of dining here to-day. Many Europeans, or white men at least, who have lived long among the Indians, accustom themselves to it, and even acquire a taste for it. My excellent friend, Don Fructuoso Rivero, president of the republic, rarely loses an opportunity of satisfying this taste. I remember one day, as he was repairing to the Congress-hall in full uniform, he passed before a rancho where they were bleeding a colt. He stopped, dismounted, and asked for a *chupon*, a suck of that blood, after which he made one of his most effective discourses."

"He is an abominable monster, your president!" exclaimed Miss Ioulka.

"Excuse me, dear Paul," said I, "he is a very distinguished man, and of superior mind. He speaks wonderfully well, several very difficult Indian languages; the *Charruas* is especially so, from the numberless forms which the verb assumes, according as its regimen is direct or indirect, and even varying with the different social relations of the persons speaking."

I was proceeding with some curious examples of the mechanism of *Charrua* verbs, when the count interrupted to ask from what vein they bled the horses when they wanted to drink their blood.

"For Heaven's sake, my dear professor," cried the Panna Iwinska, with an air of comic terror, "don't tell him. He is capable of killing all the horses in his stable, and of devouring us ourselves when the horses give out."

Upon this sally, the ladies left the table, laughing, to prepare the tea and coffee, while we smoked. In about fifteen minutes, they sent for the general; we were all about to follow, but were told that the ladies wanted only one gentleman at a time. Presently, we heard a burst of laughter and clapping of hands in the parlor. "Miss Ioulka is at one of her pranks," said the count.—Next they came after him; fresh laughter, fresh applause. Then it was my turn. As I entered the parlor, the mask of gravity on every face betokened mischief. I expected to be victimized.

"Professor," said the general, in his most official style, "these ladies pretend that we have done more than justice to their champagne, and require a test of us, before admission to their company. This is to walk, blindfold, across the parlor to that wall, and touch it with the finger. You see it is a simple matter, you have only to follow your nose. Are you in condition to observe the right line?"

"I think so, general."

Thereupon, Miss Iwinska put a handkerchief over my eyes, and tied it very tight behind. "You are in the middle of the room," she said, "stretch out your hand.—Good. I bet you another j moude ballad that you won't touch the wall."

"Forward, march!" said the general.

* This subject is discussed by Mr. Jackson in the *London Journal of Anthropology*.

There were but five or six steps to take. I advanced very slowly, expecting to meet with some cord, or stool, to trip me on my way. I heard stifled laughs which made me feel still more foolish. At last, when quite close to the wall, as I supposed myself, my finger, extended before me, entered something cold and viscous. I made a face, sprang backward, tumbled over a chair, and was received into the general's arms, amid shouts of merriment. The general facetiously condoled with me on the fortunes of war. I was a prisoner of the Panna Iwinska's army, and must submit to pass the night within her castle walls. I pulled off my bandage, and there was my fair enemy, holding a pot of honey, into which I had thrust my finger. My consolation consisted in seeing the two aides-de-camp pass through the same trial, and with no better success than myself. So we sucked our fingers in concert.

Throughout the evening, Miss Iwinska gave free swing to her frolic humor. Ever mocking, ever witty, now one of us, then another, was the object of her pleasantry; but I remarked that the count's turn came oftenest, and I must say that, far from showing temper, he seemed to enjoy her provocations. But on the contrary, when she attacked one of the aides-de-camp, he knit his brows, and I saw his eyes glow with that dark fire which was really sinister.

"Playful as a kitten, and white as cream—"

Mickiewicz, in this line, had truly drawn Ioulka's portrait.

V.

It was late when we retired.

In many of the great Lithuanian mansions we find splendid services of plate, handsome furniture, costly Persian carpets, but there are no feather beds, as in our dear Germany, to offer the tired guest. Rich or poor, gentle or boor, a slave is used to sleeping on the floor. Dowghlielly Castle made no exception to this general rule. In the chamber to which the count and I were shown, there were, however, two leather-covered couches. Having often faced worse in my wanderings, I laughed at Count Szemioth's oburgations on the uncivilized ways of his compatriots. A servant took our boots, and gave us dressing-gowns and slippers.

The count, after taking off his coat, paced up and down the room some time in silence; then, stopping before the couch on which I lay, said, "What do you think of Ioulka?"

"I find her charming."

"Yes, but such a flirt!—Do you think she has a real liking for that little fair-faced captain?"

"The aide-de-camp? How can I know?"

"He is a dandy, so he must please women."

"I deny the conclusion, count. Shall I tell you the truth? Miss Iwinska cares much more about pleasing Count Szemioth than all the aides-de-camp in the army."

He blushed, without answering me, but my words seemed to afford him a sensible pleasure. He walked still awhile, without speaking, then looking at his watch: "Faith," said he, "we shall do well to sleep, for it is late."

He took his gun and hunting-knife, which had been set in our chamber, and locked them away in a closet, from which he withdrew the key. "Will you keep this?" said he, handing it to me, much to my surprise, "I might forget it. You have certainly a better memory than I."

"The surest way not to forget your arms," I answered "would be to lay them on this table by your couch."

"No. To be candid, I don't like to have weapons near me when I am asleep. And the reason is this: When I belonged to the Grodno hussars, I was sleeping one evening, in a room with a comrade, with my pistols on a chair beside me. During the night, I was waked by an explosion. I had a pistol in my hand; I had fired, and the ball had passed within two inches of my comrade's head. I could never recall my dream of that night."

This confession failed to strew my pillow with the poppies of Somnus. I was assured indeed against waking up with a ball in my head, but as I looked upon the herculean frame of my companion, and his sinewy arms covered with black down, I could but recognize that he was in perfect condition to throttle me in his grip, as I lay at the mercy of his dreams. I took care, however, not to show the least anxiety, but set a light upon a chair beside me, and began to read the *Catechism* of Lawicki, which I had put in my pocket at Medintilas. The count wished me good-night, stretched himself out, turned five or six times, and seemed at last to be asleep, although he was doubled

like Horace's lover, who, shut up in a coffer, touches his head with his bent knees:

—“*Turpi clausus in arca
Contractum genibus tangas caput.*”

From time to time he sighed deeply, or rather made a sound of labored breathing, due perhaps to the posture he lay in, more bestial, as it seemed to me, than human. An hour passed thus. I was getting sleepy, had closed my book, and was settling into a doze, when a strange cackinnation of my neighbor startled me. I looked at the count: his eyes were closed, his whole body quivering with emotion, and from his half-open lips a few indistinct words escaped:

“How fresh! how white! The professor don't know what is nice. Horace is no account. What a dainty morsel!”

Then he bit into the cushion on which his head lay, and at the same time uttered a kind of roar, so loud that it woke him up.

On my part I remembered the adage, “least said soonest mended,” and thought it no shame to feign fast asleep. I lay still as a log, but I observed him. He sat up, rubbed his eyes, sighed sadly, and remained near an hour thus, absorbed, it seemed, in meditation. I felt ill at ease, and promised myself never to share the count's bedroom again. After a while, however, fatigue got the better of us both, and, when the servant entered next morning, he found us both sleeping soundly.

VI.

After breakfast, we returned to Medintilas. There, having found Doctor Froeber alone, I told him that I thought there was something amiss with the count, that he had frightful dreams, that he was perhaps somnambulant, and might, in this state, be very dangerous.

“I have perceived all that,” said the doctor to me. “With an athletic organization, he is as nervous as a fine lady. Perhaps he takes after his mother in this. She has been as vicious as the devil this morning. I don't believe much in stories of the fears and longings of pregnant women; but what is certain is, that the countess is a maniac, and mania is transmissible by the blood.”

“But the count,” I answered, “is perfectly rational; his mind works correctly; he is learned, much more so than I had supposed; he likes to read.”

“Granted, granted, my dear sir, but he is often whimsical. He shuts himself up sometimes for several days together; he often rambles about at night; he reads the most out-of-the-way books of German metaphysics—of physiology—of I know not what. But yesterday, there came a bale of them from Leipzig for him. Must I speak plainly? A Hercules needs a Hebe. There are very pretty peasant-girls here. He is wrong. A derivative is necessary to him.”

The doctor's coarse materialism shocked me to the last degree, so I suddenly closed our interview, expressing my hope that Count Szemioth might find a bride worthy of him. It is not without surprise, I confess, that I learned from the doctor the count's taste for philosophical studies. This officer of hussars, this passionate hunter, reading German metaphysics, and studying physiology, confounded my ideas. The doctor was right, however. I had a proof of it that very day.

“How do you explain, professor,” said the count to me, abruptly, at the dessert, “how do you explain the duality or the duplicity of our nature?” And as he saw that I did not quite understand him, he added: “Have you never been on top of a tower, or leaned over a precipice, feeling at once the temptation to cast yourself into the abyss, and a sentiment of terror absolutely contrary?”

“That may be explained by simply physical causes,” said the doctor; “in the first place, the effort of ascending determines an afflux of blood to the brain, which—”

“Let the blood alone, doctor,” cried the count, impatiently, “and let us take another example. You are holding a loaded gun, your best friend is near you. The idea strikes you to send a ball through his head. You have the greatest horror of murder, and yet you have the thought of committing it. I think, gentlemen, that if all the thoughts that come into our heads in the course of an hour—I believe that if all your thoughts, professor, and I esteem you a wise man, were written—they would make a folio, by the evidence of which any lawyer could successfully obtain your interdiction, as *non compos mentis*; or any judge would send you either to prison or to a mad-house.”

“This judge, count, would surely not condemn me for having patiently sought all this forenoon the mysterious law by which the Slavic verbs assume a future sense, by combining with a preposition;

but if perchance I had had some evil thought, what inference could be drawn from that against me? I am no more master of my thoughts than of the external accidents that suggest them. From the fact that a thought arises in me, you cannot conclude that I have resolved upon any thing, still less that I have begun to execute it. I never had the idea of killing anybody; but suppose I had, is not *reason* here to dispel it?”

“You talk about *reason*, much at your ease; but is it always on hand, as you say, to direct us? For *reason* to speak, and be obeyed, reflection is necessary, that is to say, time and cool blood. Have we these always? In a combat, I see a ball ricochetting toward me, I turn aside and expose my friend, for whom I would have given my life, had time to reflect been allowed me.”

I tried to speak to him of our duties as men and as Christians, of our need to imitate the warrior of the Scripture, ever ready for the combat; finally, I showed him that, by struggling incessantly against our passions, we should acquire new strength to control them. I succeeded, I fear, only in silencing his objections; he did not seem to be convinced. I remained ten days longer at the castle. I made another visit to Dowghielli, but we did not sleep there. As before, Miss Iwinska was mischievous and charming. She exerted over the count a sort of fascination, and I doubted not his being much in love with her. Yet he knew her defects, and was under no illusions. He knew her a coquette, frivolous, indifferent to all that was not an amusement for her. I often perceived his inward suffering at finding her so unreasonable, but at her slightest favor he forgot every thing—his face lighted up and beamed with joy. He wished to take me one time more to Dowghielli on the eve of my departure, perhaps because I used to be conversing with the aunt, while he went to walk with her niece in the garden; but I had much work on hand, and resisted his persuasions. He came home to dinner that day, although he had told us not to wait for him. He sat to table and could not eat, but all the while was gloomy and ill-humored. Every now and then his eyebrows would draw together, and his eyes assume a sinister expression. When the doctor went out to attend on the countess, the count followed me into my chamber, and told me what lay heavy on his heart.

“I repent,” he exclaimed, “of having left you, to go to see that little madcap, who makes a fool of me, and cares only for new faces; but, happily, all is ended now between us. I am profoundly disgusted, and I will never see her again.” He walked, as was his wont, some time, up and down the room, and then resumed: “You have supposed me in love with her. So thinks that idiotic doctor. No, I have never loved her. Her laughing face amused me. Her skin was fair to behold. That is all there is good in her, especially the skin. Brains, none. Never have I seen in her any thing else than a pretty doll, nice to play with when one is tired and has no new book. No doubt, she may be called a beauty. Her skin is wonderful! Professor, the blood beneath that skin must be better than a horse's? What do you think?” and he burst into a laugh, but that laugh was worse than a howl. I took leave of him next day to continue my explorations in the north of the palatinate.

VII.

During my two months' tour in Samogitia, collecting documents in every village, nobles and peasants alike, and its clergy especially, gave me a kindly welcome and effective aid. At Szawlé, and when about to engage my passage by a steamer in the port of Klaypeda, which we Germans call Memel, for the vaterland, I received unexpectedly a second invitation from Count Szemioth, by the hand of his forest-master:

“HERE PROFESSOR: Allow me to write you in German. I should commit still more solecisms if I wrote in Jmoude, and you would lose all esteem for me. I doubt whether you have much now, and the news I am about to communicate will perhaps not exalt it. Without further preface, I am about to marry, and you can well divine with whom. *Jupiter laughs at lovers' oaths*. So does Pirkuns, our Samogitian Jupiter. It is then the Panna Iwinska whom I espouse on the 8th of next month. You will be accounted the most amiable of men, if you come to assist at the ceremony. All the peasants of Medintilas and the neighborhood will flock to my castle to eat some oxen and innumerable pigs, and, when they have drunken, they will dance in the meadow to the right of the avenue that you know. You will see costumes and customs worthy your observant eye. You will give me much pleasure and Iouika also. I will add that your absence would throw us into great perplexity. You know that I belong to the

evangelical communion, as well as my betrothed. Now our minister, who resides ninety miles away, is laid up with the gout, and I venture to hope that you will officiate in his place. Believe me, dear professor,

Your very devoted

"MICHEL SZEMIOTH."

As postscript, a pretty female hand had added in Jmoude:

"I, muse of Lithuania, write in Jmoude. Michel is an impertinent fellow to doubt of your approval. No girl in the country, but myself, would be mad enough, indeed, to have him. You shall see on the 8th of next month, mein Herr Professor, a bride, rather *chic*. This is not Jmoude, it is French. Don't be absent-minded during the ceremony, nor vexed with your

ROUSSAUKA."

Neither the letter nor the postscript pleased me. The betrothed, I thought, showed a levity, unpardonable on so solemn an occasion. Yet how refuse them? I confess, moreover, that the spectacle announced tempted me. Among the old families assembled at Medintiltas I should be sure to pick up some curious and useful information. My Jmoude glossary was rich already, but the true sense of many words, caught from the vernacular of ignorant peasants, remained a mystery for me. These considerations united, won my assent to the count's request, and I replied that I should be at Medintiltas on the morning of the 8th. I held in my hand, half unconsciously, the cards of several destinies. How I should play them I knew not.

VIII.

As I entered the avenue of the castle, many ladies and gentlemen in their morning dress were grouped upon the steps or circulating in the alleys of the park. The court was full of peasants in their Sunday garb. The castle wore a festive air—flowers, garlands, and banners waving everywhere. The steward showed me to a room, on the lower floor, beneath the count's apartment, and looking out upon the park. I dressed in haste for the ceremony, and put on my ecclesiastical robe, but neither the count nor his betrothed appeared. The count was gone to seek her at Dowghielli. They ought to have been here long ago, but a bridal toilet is no small affair; and the doctor gave the guests fair warning that, as the wedding-feast would not be served until after the religious ceremony, appetites too sharp-set to wait, might take their precautions at a certain buffet which was covered with cakes and with liquors of all kinds. I remarked, on this occasion, what a provocation to scandal it is to be kept waiting! Two matrons, especially, who had handsome daughters among the young ladies present, were most spicy in their tirades against the bride's delinquencies. It was past noon when a salvo of fire-arms resounded, and soon after a gala-carriage entered the avenue, drawn by four magnificent horses. By the foam that covered their chests, it was easy to see that the delay was not their fault. In this calash were only the bride, Madame Dowghiello, and the count. He descended, and gave his hand to Madame Dowghiello. Ioulka, by a movement full of grace and of infantine coquetry, affected to hold her shawl up like a shield over her face, to protect it from the curious glances of the crowd encircling her. She arose in the calash, however, and was about to take the count's hand, when the horses, frightened, perhaps, at the flowers which the peasants showered on the bride; perhaps, also, experiencing that singular terror which Count Szemioth inspired, reared snorting; one wheel struck the bottom step, and we all apprehended an accident. The bride screamed a little, but we were presently relieved. The count bore her aloft in his arms, and up-stairs, as lightly as though she had been but a dove. We all applauded his address and gallantry. The peasants uttered formidable shouts of gratulation, and the bride, red as a rose, laughed and trembled. The count, who was in no hurry to be rid of his charming burden, seemed to triumph in showing her to the crowd.

Suddenly, a tall, pale, thin woman, her dress in disorder, her hair blowing wildly round her face and neck, and her features contracted by terror, appeared at the top of the stairs. No one knew whence she came.

"The bear!" she cried, in a shrill voice; "the bear, your guns! He is carrying off a woman! Kill him! Fire, fire!" and she pointed to the count.

It was his mother. The bride's arrival had drawn everybody to the stairs, into the court, or to the castle windows. Even the poor mad creature's nurses had forgotten their charge. Escaping, unobserved, she had made her way into the midst of us. It was a very

painful scene. She had to be carried away, notwithstanding her cries and resistance. Many of the invited guests knew nothing about her. Then came those explanations which make matters worse, and conferences in undertones with the long faces of malicious sympathy.

"A sinister omen!" said the superstitious, "and their number is great in Lithuania."

My conscience misgave me, that in this case the voice of superstition echoed that of science. I who was about to consecrate this marriage, knew more intimately than any one else, not excepting the count himself, what dangers the innocent bride was affronting. I represented the church. Personally, I might protest at this the eleventh hour, and withhold the service of my ministry. But would the church sustain me in it—or the state? Both have divorced themselves from science, which made the glory and the strength of Egypt's priesthood, of the old Persian and Peruvian empires. What reck our churches or our magistracy of hereditary fatalities, or of the barriers within which Nature has circumscribed personal destinies in certain directions? In obeying the voice of my private conscience, should I not idly render enemies the friends to whom I should appear unworthy of their confidence? Who, at this moment, would credit the sincerity of convictions that ought to have prevented my acceptance of the function devolving on me? Motives, which *before* had been too weak to influence my conduct, would surely now be misconstrued, and the most superstitious reproach me with the cowardice of superstition. All grew dark before me, and I yielded to the power of convention.

Miss Iwinska had asked five minutes to make her toilet and put on her wedding-veil; this operation lasted a full hour, and gave more than time for everybody to learn the causes and particulars of the family misfortune.

At last, the bride reappeared, magnificently dressed, and sparkling with diamonds. Her aunt presented her to all the guests. At the moment of passing to the chapel, to my great surprise, in presence of all this company, Madame Dowghiello gave her niece such a slap on the face that the sound of it recalled every inattentive eye. This slap was received with the most perfect resignation; no one but myself seemed to think any thing amiss, only a man dressed in black wrote something on a sheet of paper, apparently prepared for the occasion, and to which several of the company affixed their signatures with an air of the utmost indifference. After the ceremony, this was explained to me. Had I guessed its import, it would have been my duty to protest, with all the dignity of my office, against a custom, the intent of which is to establish a legal pretext for divorce, should this ever be desired, by pretending that the marriage has been effected by the exercise of physical violence against one of the contracting parties. After the religious service, I deemed it proper to address some words to the young couple, endeavoring to set before their eyes the sacredness of the engagement which had just united them, and, as I had never quite forgiven the fair panna's postscript, I reminded this young lady that she was entering upon a new life, no longer of amusement and childish joys, but full of serious duties and stern trials. This part of my discourse seemed not to fall idle on the ears of the bride or of others who understood German.

Salvos of fire-arms and cries of joy welcomed the procession as it passed out of the chapel and into the dining-room. The repast was splendid, appetites were well whetted, and no other sound than that of knives and forks was heard at first, but soon voices issued from the long-necked bottles of Rhine-wine, and merry jests popped with the champagne-corks. The bride's health was drunk with signal honors. She had hardly resumed her seat, when a silver-bearded *pane* arose, and, in portentous tones, remarked:

"I see, with regret, that our old customs are failing. Never would our fathers have drunk this toast in crystal glasses. We drank in the bride's shoe, and even in her boot; for, in my time, the ladies wore red-morocco boots. Let us show, friends, that we are still true Lithuanians.—And you, madame, deign to give me your shoe."

The bride replied blushing, and stifling her laughter:

"Come and take it, sir; but I will not respond to the toast in your boot."

The *pane* did not wait for a second permission, but gallantly knelt, took off the little satin shoe with red heel, filled it with champagne, and drank so adroitly as not to spill more than half of it upon his clothes. The shoe passed from hand to hand, and all the men drank from it. Then the old gentleman claimed the shoe as a precious relic,

so Madame Dowghiello called a waiting-maid to repair this disorder in her niece's dress.

This toast was followed by many others, and the guests soon became so noisy, that it was no longer proper for me to remain with them. I escaped from the table, without being noticed, and went to breathe the fresh air outside; but there again I met a spectacle by no means edifying. The servants and peasants, who had beer and brandy at discretion, were generally drunk. There were disputes and broken heads. Here and there, upon the meadows, lay others, insensible, and the aspect of the feast was like that of a battle-field. I should have been curious to witness the popular dances, but most of them were led by wenches of such over-free demeanor that I deemed discretion here the better part of valor. I returned, then, to my own apartment, and attacked my glossary, but my mind refused to follow my eyes along the page. A weight, a vague horror, pressed upon my soul, tempestuous thoughts scudded before the breath of the unknown, "the air seemed full of a noise of chains," such as the Arab hears announcing the flight of the *djinn*s.

I raised my window, looked out upon the stars, and prayed for light and calm. Presently, a long-drawn, low, peculiar howl, an accent of terror, grief, and apprehension, startled me. This interpretation might be that of my own spirit, but the howl was a dog's; for, after accustoming my eyes a little to the clear obscure of the night, I espied the spaniel of Zorany, acquaintance with which we had made on the morning of our first ride in the forest and to Dowghiello. This animal had never quite made friends with the count, but had taken a great fancy to the Panna Iwinska, who in turn liked him and appropriated him. He had followed the calash to Medintilas. The parable of Balaam's ass flashed, oddly enough, upon my mind, mixed with the legend of the Irish banshee. What mysterious sentiment could impel this animal, a favorite also with the servants, to isolate himself from the joys of the wedding-feast and the abundant flesh-pots of the kitchen, steaming with savory odors? Between the maniac countess and the unreasoning beast, or rather between the impressions they produced, was a singular concert of—what shall I call it?—presentiment! Gradually, other impressions of words or events made, at different times, incoherently—undertones of Nature falling unheeded on an ear distraught, but rendered more prominent in this narrative by omitting a thousand matters irrelevant to its dramatic unity, arranged themselves with lucid connection, overpowering me at the same time with the sense of an intelligent Providence over human affairs, and shaping my own line of duty.

I have not previously mentioned, that Count Szemioth, so accomplished a hunter, and yet on terms so little cordial with his dogs and horses, did not regard the bear with that aversion which one might have expected from his family antecedents. He was even inclined to exculpate this beast from any worse motives than a *penchant for ladies' society* in that fatal escapade which had cost the life of one creature and the reason of the other.

One rainy forenoon, in the library, he read to me, with the zest of an amateur in comparative psychology, Toussenel's appreciation of the bear as a symbolic type of the savage chieftain and of fallen powers. It seems, from the geologic record, that this beast had been something like sovereign of the earth before man's appearance on the stage. Now the count, as we have taken no pains to conceal—for he was by no means singular in this respect—wore the varnish of civilized refinement over a true savage nature so lightly, that passion could, in a moment, melt it off, either sleeping or awake. Aware of this fact himself—and, it may be, afraid or ashamed of it—he had inured himself to abstinence from flesh-meats in his ordinary meals, though he occasionally partook of them with great zest. These points all accorded with his own confession of a dual nature, of two wills subjected to a common conscience. That person, known to society as Count Szemioth, was a gentleman, every inch of him, and his conduct predicable upon ordinary rules of judgment; but, under the same skin, was another being, less conformable to the moral rules of civilized somnambulism.

After the terrified spaniel, the warning of the old hag of the *kopas*—she, too, had scented mischief brewing—then that cannibal dream had not flitted across the fantasy, and ceased to be, like common dreams; had it not been repeated, and with aggravation, wide awake, on the eve of my farewell, when the count thought that he had broken Cupid's chain? What miracles Love might eventually work, I knew not; but even Love must have time to work his changes, and I felt I

would as soon trust a daughter of mine in the paws of a real bear, as in the count's arms when asleep. Come what may, I waab my hands of it! Ioulka shall not make a leap in the dark. Taking my resolution, then, in both hands, I returned to the parlor, found Madame Dowghiello still there, and contrived with her, not unobserved by the young countess, an interview in the library. There I unbosomed my secret; but, alas! its effect on the good lady was only to throw her into hysterics. I was at my wit's end, and about to call a maid-servant, when Ioulka herself burst upon us, her eyes fairly flashing with excitement, while her cheeks paled, and a tremor ran along her limbs. "I have heard all, reverend sir," said she, with a little imperial curl of her lip. "Ah, you naughty aunt, so I have caught you love-making!" This version of the matter had the effect of a dash of cold water, and enabled the dowager to collect herself. When she was disposed of, Ioulka came back to me, and, after reproaching me with breathing such words into any other ears than hers, concluded: "Forewarned is forearmed, and now you shall see, Herr Professor, that a roussalka is a match for an ogre."

The countess smiled and extended her hand to me. I pressed a farewell kiss upon it, returned to my apartment, and slept.

When I awoke, the castle clock was striking three. The night was clear, although the moon was somewhat veiled by a mist. I courted sleep again, but vainly, and was groping about for a match, when a large, opaque body, intercepting the light from without, fell with a heavy thump into the garden. Some drunkard, probably, had got a fall, but could not have been much hurt, for on looking out I could neither see nor hear any thing. At last, I found the matches, and going back to bed, conned my glossary until they brought my tea in the morning. Toward eleven o'clock, I repaired to the parlor, where I found many dimmed eyes and collapsed features. They had left the table very late. Neither count nor countess had yet made their appearance. After half an hour longer the company began to gossip, then to murmur, and at last to complain. Dr. Froeber took upon himself to send the count's body-servant to knock at his master's door. We waited and waited; he came back, quite troubled, reporting that he had knocked a dozen times without response. We consulted, Madame Dowghiello, the doctor, and myself. The servant's anxiety had affected us. We all three went up with him. Before the door, we found the young countess's chambermaid in alarm, declaring that some misfortune must have happened, because her window was wide open. I recollected, with terror, that heavy body falling in the night. We knocked imperatively. No answer. An iron bar was brought and the door pried open.

There lay the young countess a corpse, her face horribly mangled, her throat a gaping wound, the bed saturated with her blood. The count had disappeared. The doctor began scrutinizing the character of the mutilation.

"No steel blade," exclaimed he, "ever made these wounds; they have been torn with teeth."

Thus, in Death's grim humor, did the Roussalka prove a match for the Ogre.

The professor closed his book, and looked at the fire pensively.

"And the story is finished?" asked Adelaide.

"Finished!" replied the professor, in lugubrious tones.

"But," she asked, "why have you entitled it *Lokis*? None of the characters bear this name."

"It is not the name of a man," said the professor. . . "Let us see, Theodore, do you understand what *Lokis* means?"

"Not the least in the world."

"If your mind was well possessed of the law of transformation of the Sanscrit into Lithuanian, you would recognize in *Lokis* the Sanscrit *arika* or *riksha*. They call *lokis*, in Lithuanian, the animal which the Greeks have called *ἄρκος*; the Latins, *Ursus*; and the Germans, *bär*.

"Now you comprehend my epigraph:

*'Miszka su Lokiu
Abu du tokiu.'*

"You know that, in the romance of 'Reynard,' the bear is called *damp Brun*. Among the slaves he is called Michel—*Miszka*, in Lithuanian—and this surname almost always replaces the generic name *lokis*. Thus the French have forgotten their neolatin word, *goupil*, or *gorpil*, from *vulpis*, to substitute that of *renard*. I will cite you many other examples."

But Adelaide remarked that it was already late, and they separated.

DESIGN FOR AN ART-INSTITUTE.

IN two successive numbers of this JOURNAL, we endeavored to interest the public in the project of the late Mr. Keep, and in the means by which such a project might be carried out advantageously. It will be remembered, perhaps, that we did not look with favor upon the idea of devoting a very large sum of money to a receptacle for paintings and statuary, while making no provision for the more important matter of gathering together the germs of a collection. Nevertheless, a stately edifice is, in itself, an object grateful to the eye; and we therefore offer to our readers the present engraving, as a fine specimen in one branch of art. It was to this design that we referred, in our first article, inasmuch as it had been, in a general way, approved by Mr. Keep. Mr. Post, however, under the influence of professional etiquette, wishes it to be distinctly understood that the drawing was not made by Mr. Keep's direction, but at the request of a common friend. Its merits, externally, speak for themselves. To our judgment, the design commends itself, as massive and beautifully proportioned, and combining in happy degree a certain richness of ornamentation with a simple grandeur of effect. In looking at it, the fact must be borne in mind that the height is limited, and that a façade of two hundred feet, with an elevation of only fifty, rendered an imposing centre almost a necessity. So many of the costly buildings, run up of late years in New York, being little more than repetitions one of another, or tasteless variations, it is an additional point in favor of this sketch, that nothing like it is seen along our streets. For the rest, the interior arrangements were laid out with elaborate care, and regard to the wants of an Art-Institute. The whole of the main floor was to be lighted from above. There were to be court-yards, for ventilation and facility of access. Nor was the essential subdivision neglected. The plan comprised one long gallery of one hundred and fifty-six feet by thirty; two of sixty feet by thirty; two of forty-two feet by twenty-eight; two of thirty-five feet by seventeen; a grand square apartment, measuring sixty-eight feet each way; and a considerable number of smaller rooms, the majority of them being seventeen feet square. The basement was to be fitted for offices, from the rent of which a revenue might be raised, so that the institution, once established, would be self-supporting. On the whole, while we still retain our opinion that art is better served by well-selected works of brush and chisel than by the most sumptuous halls for housing them, we should rejoice extremely to see New York adorned by an edifice of the proportions and dignity of the one here suggested; and it would now seem to be the time to act as to whether we shall have an art-institute worthy of us or not.



Design for an Art-Institute, by George B. Post, Architect.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

A NOVEL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT, AUTHOR OF "THE CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD,"
"THE BROWNS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

Next day, perhaps, it would be at Suffolk's house that Laurie spent his evening, which was a house not unlike the one in which he himself lived—a thin, tall strip of building, in which two rooms were piled upward upon two rooms to the fourth story. The two parlors on the ground-floor were domestic, and there Mrs. Suffolk sat, very glad to see her husband's friends when they came in, but not so entirely one of the party as when the padrona was the hostess. Her little room, though it was as prettily furnished as humble means would allow, was not calculated for the reception of a crowd, and, after they had paid her their devoirs, the men streamed up-stairs to the corresponding but larger room above, which was the studio—a place in which there were no hangings to be poisoned with their tobacco, nor much furniture to impede their movements. Perhaps the wife of one would come with him, and take off her bonnet and stay with Mrs. Suffolk, bringing her work with her, and resuming those endless unending talks about the children, and the housekeeping, and the injustices of the world. For it must be understood that the artist-life I am attempting to describe is not that of the highly-placed, successful painter, against whom the Academy has no power, who is perhaps himself on the Hanging Committee, and has the *Sword* at his feet in abject adoration—but of the younger brotherhood, in a chronic state of resistance to the powers that be, and profoundly conscious of all the opposing forces that beset their path. Little Mrs. Suffolk had care on her brow, as she sat, with her sister in art and war, in the little drawing-room down-stairs, discussing the inexpediency of those wanderings to and fro over the earth, which probably both had gone through and enjoyed, but which oftentimes made the public and the picture-dealers oblivious of a young painter's name. Up-stairs, however, there would probably be five or six young fellows, of a Bohemian race, bearded and bronzed and full of talk, who had not yet taken the responsibilities of life on their shoulders, and laughed at the wolf when he approached their door. Two or three of them would collect round Suffolk's picture, which he had been working at all day, to give him the benefit of their counsel, in the midst of the wreath of smoke which filled the room. Most of them were picturesque young fellows enough—thanks to the relaxed laws of costume and hair-dressing prevalent among them. And to see Suffolk with the lamp, raising it in one hand to show his work, shading it with the other that the light might fall just where it ought to fall, tenderly gazing at the canvas on which hung so many hopes, with the eager heads round him studying it judicially, would have made such a picture as Rembrandt loved to paint.

"I don't quite like that perspective," said one. "Look here, Suffolk, your light is coming round a corner; the sun is there—isn't he?—or ought to be at that time of the day."

"What time of the day do you call it?" said a second.

"Why, afternoon, to be sure," cried the first critic; "don't you see the shadows fall to the left hand, and the look in that woman's eyes? It's afternoon, or I'm an ass! Did you ever see a woman look like that except in the afternoon?—sleepiest time, I tell you, of the whole day."

"She's weary of watching—don't you see?" said his neighbor. "Matter-of-fact soul! But I'd get that light straight, if I were you, Suffolk. He's wrong about the sentiment; but he's right about the light."

"Give us the chalk here," said Constable, who had just come back from Italy; "there's just a touch wanted about the arm, if you don't mind."

"The color's good, my dear fellow," said Spyer, who was older than any of them, and a kind of authority in his way, "and the sentiment is good. I like that wistful look in her eye. She's turned off her lover, but she can't help that gaze after him. Poor thing!—just like women. And I like that saffron robe; but I think you might mend the drawing. I don't quite see how she's got her shoulder. It's not out of joint—is it? You had better send for the surgeon before it goes down to Trafalgar Square."

All these blasts of criticism poor Suffolk received, *tant bien que*

mal, doing his best to seem unmoved. He even suffered the chalk which "that beggar, Constable—a tree-painter, by Jove!—a landscape man," he said afterward, with the fervor of indignation, permitted himself to mark the dimpled elbow of his Saxon maiden. The mists of smoke and the laughter that came out of the room from cheery companions who were lost in these mists, and the system of give and take, which made him prescient of the moment when Spyer and Constable too would be at his mercy, as he was now at theirs, made their comments quite bearable, when one word from the *Sword* would have driven the painter frantic. And, to do them justice, it was only the pictures which were in the course of painting on which they were critical. Groups now and then would collect before that picture of the English captive boys in the Forum, which the Academy had hung at the roof, and which had come home accordingly unapplauded and unsold, though later—but I need not anticipate the course of events. Suffolk's visitors gathered before it, and looked at it with their heads on one side, and pointed out its special qualities to each other, not with the finger, as do the ignorant, but with that peculiar caressing movement of the hand which is common to the craft. "What color! by Jove, that's a bit of Italian air brought bodily into our fogs—and the cross-light is perfect, sir!" Spyer said, who had just been so hard on his friend's drawing. If they found out faults which the un-instructed eye was slow to see, they discovered beauties, too; and then gathered round the fire, and fell into twos and threes, and went back to that same talk of the past and the "old set," in which Laurie had indulged on the previous night. The "old set" varied according to the speakers; with some it was only the fellows at Clipstone Street; but with all the moral was the same—the cheery days and nights, the wild sallies of youthful freedom, the great hopes dwindled into nothing, the many, many fallen by the way, not one half of the crowd seeming to have come safely through the struggles of the beginning. "Poor So-and-so! If ever there was a man who had a real feeling for art, it was he; and as good a fellow"—they added, puffing forth meditative clouds; and there would be a laugh the next moment over some remembered pranks. Laurie had formed one of many such parties ere now. He, too, had been of the old set; he had his stories to contribute, his momentary sigh to breathe forth along with the fumes of his cigar; but, perhaps, he had never in his amateur days felt so completely belonging to the society in which he found himself. Sometimes, perhaps, he had laughed a little, and given himself a little shake of half-conscious superiority when he left them, and set out to Kensington Gore as to another world; but Charlotte Street was emphatically the same world, and the *esprit de corps* was strong in Laurie's heart. "Anch'io pittore," he said to himself as he stood indignant before Suffolk's beautiful picture which had been hung up at the roof. It was a beautiful picture; and one of these days the Hanging Committee might treat himself in the same way; and if by chance criticism should really be so effectual as everybody said, why should not something be done for Suffolk—using the devil's tools, as it were, to do a good action—by means of Slasher and the *Sword*?

The majority of the young men went away after an hour's talk and smoke unlimited; but Laurie was one of those who remained and went down to supper, along with Spyer and Constable, to the back room down-stairs, which was the little dining-room. Mrs. Suffolk was very careful to keep the folding-doors shut, and to make two rooms, though it certainly would have been larger and might have been more comfortable had they been thrown into one. It was Mrs. Spyer who was her companion that evening, who was older than she, and commented a little sharply on this poor little bit of pretension, as Laurie walked part of the way home with the pair. "I like nice dining and drawing rooms as well as any one," Mrs. Spyer said, "but if I were Helen, I would be comfortable, and never mind." "All the same she is a good little woman," her husband had said, irrelevantly; for, to be sure, nobody doubted that she was a good little woman. They had cold beef and celery and cheese on the table, and refreshed themselves with copious draughts of beer. I do not say it was a very refined conclusion to the evening, but I think Laurie was better amused and more interested than after many a fine party. He walked home with Spyer, talking of Suffolk's picture, and the injustice that had been done him, *jettant feu et flamme*, as they mentioned the Academy, yet hoping that band of tyrants could not be so foolish two years running. "The thing is, to have him written up in the papers," Spyer said; "a fellow of his talent cannot be long kept in

the background; but if the papers were to take him up, it would shorten his probation." "I hate the papers," said Mrs. Spyer. "Why don't we have private patrons, as we used to have, and never mind the public? To think of a wretched newspaper deciding a man's fate! I would not give in to it for a day."

"But we must give in to it, or else be left behind in the race," said her husband. And Laurie thought more and more, as he listened to all this talk, of the influence he himself might exercise at the club and elsewhere upon Slasher and the *Sword*.

CHAPTER XX.—LAURIE'S WORK.

THE first grand question to be decided, when Laurie settled in Charlotte Street, was what his first picture was to be. It is true that Mr. Welby, and even the padrona, who was so much more hopeful, were all for mere study and life-schools, and the lectures at the Academy, and anatomical demonstrations, and other disagreeable things, which Laurie, always amiable, gave in to, to please them, not doubting of the advantage of the studies in question. But still his anatomy, and his notes, and studies from the life, however careful, were only means to an end; and there was no reason why the end itself should not be pursued at the same time—or at least so he thought. He had painted pictures before now as a mere amateur, and in that capacity had even—once—obtained a nook in the Academy's exhibition; and why he should now suspend his chief work, and, having become a professional painter, paint no longer, was what Laurie could not perceive. He was not the man to exhibit his study of the Norman fisherwoman or Italian peasant, who might chance to be posing at the school, as some of the Clipstone Street fellows did. His work there, of course, would help him in his real work at home; but to spend his entire time in preparation for work, and do nothing, seemed to Laurie plain idiocy. "I painted nothing for three years on end when I was like you," old Welby said. "You require to be a painter, sir, before you can paint a picture; and it is hard enough work to make yourself a painter. If I were in your place, I'd never look at a canvas bigger than that for at least a year."

"That" was a study of a head which Laurie had taken down with him to Mr. Welby's studio. It was one of the padrona's, and the old painter had praised the sketch. As for Laurie, he turned it hastily with its face to the easel, and laughed the uneasy laugh of embarrassment and offence.

"I rather flattered myself I was a painter," he said, and then paused and recovered his temper. "The fact is, I must keep myself up," he exclaimed; "I must feel as if I were doing something. So long as I paint merely scraps I feel myself demoralized. And then you forget I am not a novice," Laurie said, with some pride. He had been all over Italy, and had studied in Rome, and was very learned in many artistic matters. To be told that he had first to make himself a painter was rather hard.

"Of course you are a novice," said the R. A., "and quite natural too. I don't want to be disagreeable, my dear fellow, but an amateur is really worse—you may take my word for it—than an absolute beginner. The very traditions of amateur art are different. If you were making a fair start I should know exactly what to tell you; but how can I tell how much you may have to unlearn?"

This, it will be allowed, was not encouraging. Laurie went upstairs afterward three steps at a time, with his blood boiling in his veins. He gave the padrona an animated little address about old fogies in general, and R. A.'s in particular, to her extreme amazement, as she stood at her work. It was a crisp, sunny, wintry morning, and Mrs. Severn was very busy. She opened her brown eyes and laughed, as Laurie, breathless, came to an end.

"They will be giving advice," she said, "I know; and advice, unless when it is just what one wants, is a terrible nuisance. I see exactly what you mean."

"I have no objection to advice," said Laurie, half angry, half laughing, "when it is kept within due limits; but there is such a thing as going too far." And then he told her the extent of Mr. Welby's sin, not without a momentary thought gleaming through his mind as he spoke, that it was the fresh new life which the old painter objected to see coming within the exclusive boundaries of the profession. "Art is like any other trade," he said, as he concluded his talk—"the workmen are bent on purloining their mystery, and would like to stone away any interloper who inclines to come in."

Mrs. Severn said nothing for a minute or two, but went on working at her easel with her back to him; and when one is eager and excited to start with, there is nothing more exasperating than to have one's warm and one-sided statement received thus with chilling silence. It is the surest way to fill up what is wanting of the cup of indignation. "You say nothing," Laurie continued, with impatience, "and yet, of course, you must have suffered from it yourself."

"You will think I am helping to bar the door of my trade," said the padrona, "and I know I deserve that you should fly through the window or through the ceiling in wrath; but I can't help it. He was quite right. You have all your amateur habits to break yourself of, and to get to work like—like—one of us. Don't be vexed. I have wanted to say it before, and, of course, with the generosity of my kind, I say it now when you are down."

"You too!" Laurie said with a pang. He took two or three turns up and down the painting-room before he could speak. And but for pride, which would not permit him to show how deep was his mortification, I fear he would have blazed and exploded out of the house; but as soon as he had come to himself, pride, more potent than any better feeling, cleared the cloud from his brow.

"I thought you had a better opinion of me," he said, reproachfully, standing behind the easel and casting pathetic glances at her. "I came to you to be—consoled, I suppose—like an ass. I thought I was already something of a painter—at least to you—or why should I be encouraged to attempt any thing? Why didn't you say to me, 'Go and be a shoemaker?'—as, indeed, Welby was honest enough to do."

"Now, Laurie, don't be unjust," said the padrona. "Don't you see it is because I expect you to do something worth while that I want you to study hard and learn every thing? What is a year's work to you at your age? When one gets old one would give every thing for the chance of such a preparation. What am I but an amateur myself, not half instructed as I ought to be? And that is why I am so anxious that it should be different with you—at your age."

"I cannot see what my age has to do with it," said Laurie, "nor why you should always want to set me down as a boy;" and then he paused, and compunction overtook him. He went up to his adviser, in the coaxing way which Laurie had been master of all his life. He could not take her hand, for she had her brush in it and was working all the time; but he took the wide sleeve of her painting-dress between his fingers and caressed it, which came to much the same thing. "You are so good to me," he said—"always so kind and so good. I never thought you would be against me too."

Thus it will be seen that to be advised and even ill-used and trodden upon by a friend who is a woman, and not uncomely to look at, is on the whole less disagreeable than to be snubbed by an ancient R. A.

The padrona laughed, but her eye melted into loving-kindness as well as laughter. "You are a boy," she said, "and a very insinuating one into the bargain. But I am not going to be coaxed out of my opinion. You ought to go home this very minute and lock up all your canvasses and take to chalk and paper and pencils for a whole year; and then you can come back to me, and I will tell you what I think you should do."

"If I am not to come back for a whole year I may as well go and hang myself at once," said Laurie; and so the talk fell into lighter channels. The truth was, that he spent a great deal more time than he had any call to do in the padrona's studio, and hindered, or did his best to hinder, her work; and perhaps liked better to examine her sketches and criticise them, and make suggestions thereupon, than to labor steadily, as he ought to have been doing, at sketches of his own. But this had not yet lasted long enough to attract anybody's attention, even hers or his own; for, of course, after such a shock as his life had sustained, this was still an unsettled moment. He had not shaken himself down yet, nor found his standing-ground after the convulsion; and it was natural he should seek the counsel of his friends.

But the result was, after these conversations, the one more discouraging than the other, that Laurie went direct to his colorman's and chose himself a lovely milk-white canvas six feet by ten, and had it sent home immediately, and went on his knees before it in silent adoration. His imagination set to work upon it immediately, though he was self-denying enough not to touch it for days; but undeniably that very night there were various sketches made of an heroic character before he went to bed. It was difficult to choose a subject, much

more difficult than he supposed. Several great historical events which struck his fancy had to be rejected as demanding an amount of labor which in the mean time was impracticable. He wandered in a range of contending fancies all night long in his sleep, with Suffolk's Saxon maiden in the doorway of her father's grange, dismissing the Norman squire who had become her lover, floating through his brain in conjunction with various Shakespearian scenes, and some of the padrona's baby groups, with the padrona herself in the midst; and when he woke the dream continued. Sometimes he thought he would abandon history and paint a Mary with that face—not a girl Mary in the simplicity of youth, but one with thoughts matured, and the wider, greater heart of experience and ripe womanhood. Foolish boy! for, to be sure, he was a boy after all.

It took Laurie a long time to decide this matter in a satisfactory way. One day his inclinations were scriptural, and another historical; and on the third he would have made up his mind to a modern *genre* picture, but for the size of his canvas, which was clearly intended for something heroic. He settled at last—which, indeed, was almost a matter of course—upon a very hackneyed and trite subject, being somehow driven to it as he felt by the influence of Suffolk's pictures, which he admired with all a young man's indignant warmth. It was Edith seeking the body of Harold, which was the subject he chose. "In the lost battle, borne down by the flying." Nothing could well have been more inconsistent with his state of mind, or tastes, or general inclinations. He was not given to melancholy thoughts, neither—though Laurie was sufficiently fanciful—had any analogy struck him between his own first-beginning of the fight and that end, always so linked with the beginning, of utter loss and overthrow and darkness. It was not any chance gleam of a forecasting, profound imagination, or passionate sense of the fatal chances of the battle, that suggested it to him. Such an idea might have occurred to Suffolk, but it was inconsistent with the very constitution of Laurie's mind. He chose his subject in pure caprice, probably because it was the most unlike of any thing he could imagine, to his own tender, friendly, unimpassioned nature. There are moments of youthful ease and hope in which tragedy comes most natural to the cheerful, unforeboding soul; I cannot tell why—perhaps, as Wordsworth says, out of the very "prodigal excess" of its personal content. Laurie was so absorbed in his subject—in sketching it out, and putting it on the canvas, and bringing his figures into harmonious composition—that his Clipstone-Street studies suffered immensely, and he even failed in the usual frequency of his visits to "the Square." Had he gone there as usual, he would, of course, have betrayed himself, and he was determined that not a word should be said until he could (with a certain triumph—the triumph of an individual conviction and profound consciousness of what was best for himself over all advice) invite his counsellors to come and look at what was about to be. So long as this fit of fervor lasted, Miss Hadley had nothing to report, except the barricading of his windows from morning till afternoon, as long as the light lasted—unless, indeed, on foggy days, when the painter would glance out at the sky from his balcony, palette in hand, a dozen times a day, with despair in his face. The padrona thought she had gone too far, and affronted him, and was sorry, and sent him friendly messages, recalling the truant; but Laurie, notwithstanding the yearning of his heart, was true to his grand object. As he stood before the big canvas, putting in those vast, vague outlines of the future picture, it seemed to him that he already saw it "on the line" in the Academy, with the little scene he had already imagined going on below. But by this time he had half forgotten the fine people, whose astonishment he had once amused himself by imagining. Kensington Gore had been swept away by the current, and looked like some haunt of his boyhood. What he thought now was chiefly, "They will have changed their opinion by that time." "They," no doubt, included old Welby, who had been so hard on the young painter; but I fear that the special spite of this anticipation was directed against the padrona. What did it matter after all, except, indeed, in the strictest professional point of view, what old Welby thought?

Edith had not got beyond the first chalk outline, when Forrester, Mr. Welby's man, came one morning to Charlotte Street, with a message from his master. Forrester was understood to know nearly as much about art as his master did, and resembled him, as old servants often do—and I rather think Laurie was secretly glad, now matters had progressed so far, of this means of conveying, in an indirect way, the first news of his rebellion to "the Square." At all events, he

sent for him to come up-stairs, awaiting his appearance with a little trepidation. Forrester, however, was not arrogant, as some critics are. He came in with the most bland and patronizing looks, ready, it was evident, to be indulgent to every thing. When he had delivered his message, he cast an amiable glance around him. The room was lighted only by the upper light of the middle window, all the rest being carefully closed, and even that amount of daylight was obscured by the shadow of the great canvas which was placed on the easel, where all the rays that were to be had out of a November sky might be concentrated upon it. Forrester was too thoroughly acquainted with the profession of which he was a retainer not to understand at once the meaning of this big shadow, and Laurie in his anxiety thought or imagined that the critic's lips formed themselves into an involuntary whistle of astonishment, though no sound was audible. But the old servitor of art felt the claims of politeness. Instead of displaying at once his curiosity about the work in hand, he paid his tribute of applause with a grace which his master could scarcely have emulated. "That's a nice sketch, sir," Forrester said, indicating one of the Clipstone-Street studies. "I hope you ain't working too hard now, we see you so little in the Square. I like that effect, Mr. Renton; master would be pleased with that effect."

"I am very glad you think so, Forrester," said artful Laurie, leading his visitor on.

"Master's a little severe, Mr. Renton," said Forrester, "but you young gentlemen take him a deal too much at his word. 'Bless you, he don't mean half he says. I know he'd be pleased. I call that a very nice drawin', Mr. Renton; better nor many a dealer buys for a picture. I always said, sir, as you was one as would come on."

"I am much obliged to you for your good opinion, Forrester," said Laurie; "it is very kind of you to take so much interest in me."

"I've been among painters all my days," said Forrester. "I sat to Opie, sir, though you wouldn't think it, when I was a lad. I don't know as there is a man living as understands 'em better nor I do. I knows their ways; and if I don't know a picture when I sees one, who should, Mr. Renton? I've been about 'em since I was a lad o' fifteen, and awful fond o' them, like as they was living creatures—and a man ain't worth much if he don't form no opinion of his own in five-and-forty years. Me and master goes on the same principle. It's the first sketch as he's always mad about. 'Take the big picture and hang it in your big galleries,' he says, 'and give me the sketch with the first fire into it, and the invention.' I've heard him a-saying of that scores of times; and them's my sentiments to a tee. But master he's all for the hantique, and me, I go in for the modern school. There's more natur' in it, to my way of thinking. You've got something on your easel, sir, as looks important," Forrester continued, edging his way with curious looks toward the central object in the room.

"I don't know if I should let you see it," said Laurie; "I have only just begun to put it on the canvas; and you are an alarming critic, Forrester, as awful as Mr. Welby himself."

"No, sir; no, no," said Forrester, affably; "don't you be frightened; I know how to make allowances for a beginner. We must all make a beginning, bless you, one time or other. Master 'ud grieve if he see a big canvas like that. He'd say, 'It's just like them boys; but I ain't one to set a young gentleman down—encourage the young, and tell your mind to the hold, that's my motto, sir,' the old man said, as he placed himself in front of the easel. As for poor Laurie, the fact is, that he grew cold with fright and expectation as he watched the face of the critic. Forrester gave vent to a prolonged ah! accompanied by a slight expressive shrug when he took his first look of the canvas, and, for several moments, he made no further observation. To Laurie, standing behind him in suspense, the white-chalk shadows seemed to twist and distort themselves, and put all their limbs out of joint, in pure perversity, under this first awful critical gaze.

"If I might make so bold, sir," said Forrester, mildly, "what is the subject of the picture, Mr. Renton?" which was not an encouraging remark.

"Of course I ought to have told you," cried Laurie, very red and hot. "It is an incident after the Battle of Hastings—Edith looking for the body of Harold. Edith, you know, was—"

"I've seen a many Ediths," said Forrester, "I ought to know. I'm an old stupid, sir, not to have seen what it was; but, being as it's in the chalk, and me not having the time to study it as I could wish—"

I don't doubt, Mr. Renton, as it's a fine subject. It did ought to be, seeing the many times as it's been took."

"I don't think I have seen it many times," said Laurie, profoundly startled; "I only remember one picture, and that very bad," the young man added, hastily. Forrester shook his head.

"Not in the exhibitions, I dare say, sir," said the critic, solemnly; "but there's a many pictures, Mr. Renton, as never get as far as the Academy. Mr. Suffolk, he did it, sir, for one; and young Mr. Warlegh, as has give up art, and gone off a-engineering; and Robinson, as has fallen into the portrait line," Forrester continued, counting on his fingers; "and poor Mr. Tinto, as died in Italy; and there's the same subject," the old man added, solemnly, after a pause, "turned with its face again the wall in our hattie, as Mr. Severn himself, sir, did when he was young."

Laurie was overwhelmed; he gazed at the ruthless destroyer of his dreams with a certain terror. "Good heavens, I had no idea!" said the young man, growing green with sudden despair. Then, however, his pride came to his aid. "It's a dreadful list," he said; "but, you perceive, as they never came under the public eye, and nobody was the wiser—"

"To be sure, sir—to be sure," said Forrester, with pitying complacency. "A many failures ain't what you may call a reason for your failing as is a new hand. I hope it'll be just the contrary; but, if you hadn't a begun of it, Mr. Renton, and being as it's but in the chalk, it ain't to call begun.—Couldn't Hedith be a-looking out for her lover, sir, of an evening, as young women has a way? I don't suppose there was no difference in them old times. And a bit o' nice sunset, and him a-coming out of it with his shadow in front of him, like. I don't say as the subject's as grand, but it's a deal cheerfuller. And, when you come to think of it, Mr. Renton, to hang up all them dead corpses and a skeered woman, say, in your dining-room, sir, when it's cheerful as you want to be—"

"Thanks," said Laurie, with a little offence. "I have no doubt you are very judicious, but I am sorry I can't see the matter in the same light. You will give Mr. Welby my compliments, please. I'll be glad to dine with him on Saturday, as he asks me. Perhaps you will be so good as to say nothing—but no, that's of no consequence," Laurie added, hastily. Of course he was not going to give in. Of course they must know sooner or later what he was doing, and better sooner than later. They might laugh, or sneer, or consider him childish, if they pleased; but, the moment his picture was hung on the line in the Academy, all that would be changed. So Laurie mounted his high horse. But he did it in a splendid, magnanimous sort of way. He smoothed down Forrester's wounded feelings by a "tip," which, indeed, was more than he could afford, and which the old man took with reluctance—and opened the door for him with his own hands. "Offended! because you tell me how popular my subject has been? Most certainly not! Much obliged to you, on the contrary, Forrester, and very proud of your good opinion," he said, with a most gracious smile and nod, as his critic went away, which Forrester did with a certain satisfaction mingling with his regret.

"It's for his good," the old man said to himself; "and there ain't no way of doing them young fellows good without hurting of their feelings."

Laurie for his part went back to his painting-room, and sat down moodily before his big canvas. It was too ridiculous to care for such a piece of criticism. Forrester—Mr. Welby's servant!—to think of minding any thing that a stupid old fellow in his dotage might venture to say! Laurie laughed what he meant for a mocking laugh, and then bit his lip and called himself a fool. Of course the old rascal had been crammed beforehand and taught what to say; or, if not, at least it was no wonder if the servant repeated what the master thought. It was not this picture or that, but every picture that Welby had set his face against. And what a piece of idiocy to show his man, his echo—the very first beginning—the most chaotic indication—such as none but an eye at once keen and indulgent could have made out—of the great work that was to be! Laurie concluded proudly that nobody was to blame but himself, as he sat down in his first quiver of mortification, half inclined to tear his canvas across, and pitch his chalks to the other end of the room. Then he looked at it, and found his Edith looking down upon him with her tragic eyes—eyes which to her creator looked tragic and full of awful meaning, though they were but put in in chalk. Perhaps, indeed, it was the chalk that made her divine in her despair, whitely shadowing out of the white canvas, owing

every thing to the imagination—a suggestion of horror and frantic grief and misery. What if it was a common subject! The more common a thing is; the more universal and all-influencing must it be. A tender woman, made sublime by her despair, seeking on a field of battle the body of the man she loved most—a thing of primitive passion such as must move all humanity. What if it were hackneyed? All the more distinctly would it be apparent which was the touch of the real power which could embody the scene, and which the mere painter of costumed figures. Such were Laurie's thoughts as he sat, discouraged and cast down, before his picture—poor fellow!—after Forrester's visit. If the man's criticisms had so much effect upon him, what would the master's have had? What could he have said to the padrona had it been she who had come to look at his picture; then the long array of names which Forrester had quoted came back upon him. In short, poor Laurie had received a downright, unexpected blow, and ached and smarted under it, as was natural to a sensitive being loving applause and approbation. He turned his back on Edith for the rest of the day, throwing open his windows, to Miss Hadley's astonishment, the first time for a week, and affording her a dim vision of a figure thrown into an arm-chair by the fire, with a novel. It was the first time since he came to Charlotte Street that he had in broad daylight and cold blood given himself over to such an indulgence. He was disgusted with his work and himself. He had not the heart to go out. He could not go to the Square, where probably by this time they were all laughing over his folly. He read his novel doggedly all the afternoon, in sight of Miss Hadley, who could not tell what to make of it. The light was gone and the day lost before he roused himself, and pitched his book into the farthest corner. His kindly spy could not tell what the perverse young fellow would do next. Probably go and have his dinner, she said to herself; which, indeed, Laurie did; and came home much better, beginning to be able to laugh at Forrester, and snap his fingers at his predecessors. "The more reason it should be done now," he said to himself, "if Suffolk and Severn and all those fellows broke down over it;" and suffered a little gleam of self-complacency to steal over his face, and went to work all night at his sketch, to improve and perfect the composition. So that, on the whole, Laurie, though no genius, had that nobler quality of genius which overcomes all criticism and surmounts every discouragement. He had been shut up long enough in silence with his conception. That day, he made up his mind, instead of permitting himself to be ignominiously snubbed by old Forrester, he would face the world, and carry the sketch which he was completing to the padrona herself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GENEVA UNION FESTIVAL.

GENEVA, September 21, 1890.

OUR little sister city Geneva has been boiling over with joy yesterday and to-day, at the inauguration of the beautiful monument that commemorates her union with the other counties of Switzerland in 1815. Yesterday was ushered in with peals of artillery and the ringing of bells, and then a large drum-corps went the rounds, beating what is called on the programme the *Diane*, a word which, with such a dashing accompaniment of a score of drums beat by stout men in helmets, implies that the maiden goddess *Diana* is supposed to have a good deal of her old grit left, and might set the hounds on Aetæon again if she were provoked.

The whole city was gay with flags, pennons, arches, flowers, and inscriptions, and, before our eight-o'clock breakfast was over, the various companies of patriots had begun to march to the grand rendez-vous. The first place after the official authorities was assigned to the Americans, and we walked fifty strong through the streets of this famous city of Calvin and Rousseau, after our brave old flag, whose stars and stripes were nobly presented in folds of rich and ample silk. When that sacred standard of our Washington appeared, there was great sensation; women smiled and waved their handkerchiefs, and men took off their hats and cheered, as if the Grand Army of the Republic had come to help them put down all their old oppressors. The Swiss committee gave us a good place within the enclosure; there we planted our flag, and stood an hour to hear the odes and addresses of the jubilee. General Dufour, the hero of the Swiss Union against secession, made the chief speech, in a tone of remarkable vigor for an old soldier of eighty-three years; he was followed by the President of Ge-

neva and the Vice-President of Switzerland. Behind the tribune of the orators stood, I think, twenty-two Swiss girls in gala dress, to represent the league of the cantons. As the various representatives came along in turn, they noticed our position, and, after cheering the monument, they generally gave another cheer for our stars and stripes. It was a stirring occasion, and gave the power of popular enthusiasm as well as the consecration of high art to the union of the Swiss cantons in their league of nationality.

The monument is a good piece of work, by Dorer, of Munich, in bronze. It represents Switzerland as a colossal woman, with her right arm round the neck of her sister or daughter Geneva, who bears on her shield the motto, "*Post tenebras Lux*," and holds a sword in her hand. The figure of Switzerland bears also a sword and shield, and on the latter the motto, "*Un pour tous et tous pour un*." The group is very effective, although perhaps the large cantons like Berne might think that Geneva was made too big in proportion to the motherland, and needed to have her pride taken down a little.

After this inauguration the people met in various squares to dine, and sing, and talk, which they did with immense enthusiasm, and in a very primitive, sensible way, for they seemed to bring their own provisions to the great table, and have a fine time at very little expense. Eight or ten earnest Americans, after dinner, went about among the revellers at the various squares, and were met, they told me, with wonderful enthusiasm, and in some cases they were hugged and kissed in a manner to which they had not been accustomed from masculine arms, and lips, and outside of the circle of their wives and daughters. The same feeling toward Americans was everywhere. I went with two or three countrymen down the bay to the nautical fête by invitation of the city government, and the American badge that we wore drew out constant respect; and if we had not remembered the stoic's rule, "*Stop at the third cup*," even the mild *georne* that they drank might have been perilous to your correspondent's sobriety.

This lake festival was beautiful and stirring, with the array of steamers and barges in pennons and banners, and the fleet of volunteer boats, and the race of oarsmen. The wag of the occasion was a Bernese bear, who capered and danced at a wonderful rate on the deck of one of the vessels, greatly to the delight of beholders. He had a strange look, sometimes in funny and sometimes in savage mood. My fears of being devoured were set at rest at last by seeing him go down-stairs to the table and sit down quietly to eat and drink, with his bear's head hanging down behind, and his own head appearing to be that of a curly-headed, merry young man.

In the evening came fireworks on the lake, and music and a great ball at the palace. To-day is to be given mainly to the school-children, who are to muster in full force.

Four o'clock.—I have been to the festival of youth, and it has been a great demonstration—some ten thousand children gathered into the great square, with music and banners, and there regaled with a handsome feast of wine-and-water, bread and meat, and fruit-cakes. They all looked neat and bright, and it was the most of an American sight that I have seen in Europe. Some of the schools marched in several miles from the country, and represented the Swiss peasantry; but, though not as gayly dressed as the Geneva children, they were as clean and as merry, and all had a fine time, and sang the national hymn with right good will. There too, again, was our friend the bear, who marched with the band from Berne, and danced and figured to the delight and amazement of the little folks. At the close of the meeting, the music and crowding announced some great event, and along came a grand historical procession of the heroes of Geneva three hundred years ago, an historic spectacle of marked taste and beauty, illustrating the rising of the people against the old tyranny, and the acquisition of the bill of rights, which with its great seals was borne aloft by a dashing horseman. There were footmen in mail, bowmen, spearmen, musketeers, artillery, knights, pages, and all the notables and grandees of that old time, in full array. It was well done, and seemed to exhibit the wealth and the manhood of all Geneva. Some magnificent horses were in the procession, and the dresses were evidently careful and often costly studies of the old styles. I never saw anything so fine in the street or on the stage.

Geneva and Switzerland seem to me to be improving, and certainly growing in public spirit and in national life. I have just bought an elaborate work on the "*Statistics of Switzerland*," by Dr. W. Gisi, of St. Gall, which gives the leading facts as to population and health, etc., but I find it hard to ascertain the particulars of education, indus-

try, morality, religion, etc. The author divides European nations into three classes: the first class, of over twenty millions of people, of which there are six nations; the second class, of over three millions, among which Spain, Sweden, Norway, Belgium, Bavaria, and the Netherlands, are to be reckoned; the third class, of under three millions, among which Switzerland stands with Saxony, Denmark, Greece, Würtemberg, etc. He claims for his country a fair proportion of inhabitants to a square mile, especially in view of the large area of territory uninhabitable on account of water or ice, and gives 343,327 Swiss houses to the 2,510,494 people, as a better average of houses to population than Austria or Hanover can show, and about half the average of Great Britain. The tables of mortality give for every 100,000 people, 67,571 surviving at 20 years; 62,900 at 30 years; 50,056 at 50 years; 22,472 at 70 years; 292 at 90 years; 9 at 98 years. He repudiates the idea that the Swiss have more than their proportion of illegitimate children, and puts their proportion to the 100 births as 6.71, between the years 1854-'64, while England in 1850-'54 had 6.67; France, in 1853-'61, 8.05; Prussia, in 1857-'61, 8.22; Saxony, in 1847-'56, 14.67; Bavaria, 1842-'51, 20.62.

The volume has many interesting statistics besides, which may profitably be studied, but which I have not time now to enter into. I will only add that to every 100 inhabitants the returns for 20 Swiss cantons give 2.38 deaths yearly, which is less than in Bavaria, France, the Netherlands, Austria, Prussia, Saxony, Spain, and Russia. Of course, there are great differences of condition in a country so diversified; and some fruitful districts are well peopled, and others are almost deserted. The Grisons, or Graubünden, is the poorest district, that I saw, and is too lofty, cold, and barren, to support many people. Perhaps it was there that Malthus was led to form his theory of population from the Swiss peasant, who he says told him that "the country would never prosper till men kept single till they were forty years old, and then married old maids who were not likely to have large families."

The Swiss are certainly progressive in business enterprise, science, education, and public spirit. Their constitution established a university and a polytechnic school, as well as general education, and they have for years been noted for their interest in natural science. I am told that here in Geneva the men of millions are often devoted to science, and in conspicuous cases are professors in the schools and colleges. The prevailing taste in the best society seems to be for literature and science, and the ambition of high society is not so much for dress and showy furniture as for literary and artistic culture, and for rural life, and especially for a country place within sight of the lake and of Mont Blanc. This festival of youth appears to take the hearts of all classes, and, as I write, the legion of children are marching by the monument, and throwing flowers at the base of the memorial statues. Either now or afterward they are to receive each a medal of the occasion, and they will never forget this jubilee of the nation.

Passing through the crowd of perhaps forty thousand people, and seeing so many faces, one cannot but ask, What are their traits? They seem to be mostly of the German type, with a considerable proportion of French and Italian. They are not a very handsome people, but seem to be improving in looks with their new culture, and there were some fine faces among the school-girls, who generally were in simple white dresses, with little of our American passion for ornaments and jewels.

The feeling here is generally German, and the French are not liked, especially the emperor and his Jesuit allies. They are, on the whole, a very interesting study, and the week here has been very charming. I say, with the orator of yesterday:

"*Vive la Suisse! Vive Genève!*"

HUNGARIAN TRADITIONS.

HUNGARY is rich in traditional lore, and the legends of that country have certain national characteristics by which they are easily distinguished from those of German origin.

The Monastery of Tihany is situated on the borders of the Balaton Lake, and in its vicinity are found numbers of petrifications which are met with nowhere else, and which from their very remarkable shape are called by the people "*Geissbock-klaue*," or goats'-hoofs, to which they have a decided resemblance. They are by some supposed

to be remains of another period of creation, while others account for them as follows:

Prince Andreas, cousin of the great King Stephen, had been fighting the infidels in the Holy Land, and was on his return home—worn, weather-beaten, wounded—and so denuded of resources that, notwithstanding his high birth, he was in the greatest poverty. No one would have recognized him, or believed him to be of the royal lineage.

He reached the county of Szalad, and arrived at the Platten-see, then of much greater extent than it is now. How was the prince to cross? Alas! the boatman knew him not! He met a peasant, or rather a goatherd, who was watering his goats, and, recognizing the man as the son of a wealthy cattle-owner he had known in former days, he declared himself to him, and making known to him his distressed condition, requested of him a small loan to enable him to terminate his journey home.

The goatherd, unwilling to part with his money, refused to believe the prince's statement; and said that—even were the latter the person he represented himself to be—he himself had no means at his disposal, for that his poverty was as great as the prince's.

"God knows," said he, "how poor I am, and that, alas! I have nothing I can call mine own."

Upon this, Prince Andreas replied:

"Let us, then, leave it to the testimony of God; if He knows that thou hast nothing, He will let thee go free with thy herd."

Met by this answer the goatherd stood aghast; and, overtaken by the rising of the water, he and his whole herd were engulfed in the lake.

Since that time the hoofs of these goats are said to have been continually reappearing in a petrified condition.

At Theben on the river Danube, near the confluence of the March, stands an isolated ruin called the Nun's Tower, the legend of which, though in no respect analogous to the one just given, has an equally marked Hungarian type, and is as follows:

A valorous knight, one of the former lords of Theben, having fallen in love with the beautiful daughter of a neighboring baron, between whom and himself existed a deadly feud, the father strictly forbade all intercourse between them; and, finding one day that the girl favored her lover, and that stolen interviews took place, was so infuriated that he at once determined to immure his daughter in a convent. The enamoured knight soon discovered the retreat of his mistress, and taking with him an armed body of his retainers, attacked the convent by night, sending terror into the hearts of the abbess and her nuns, and carrying the trembling recluse off to his castle. Arrived here, he placed her for greater safety in a solitary turret perched upon a rock, and standing aloof from the rest of the fortress, which he surrounded with men in ambush. While, however, dallying in his lady's bower, the castle was surprised by a very superior force, headed by the enraged father. The castle was ransacked, and the lovers, not being found, the soldiers were ordered to surround the smaller tower, to the dismay of its inmates, who soon saw that their precautions were wholly inadequate to the circumstances. They resolved, however, not to be taken, preferring a voluntary death to an ignominious capture, and a subsequent fate of which imagination represented to them a frightful picture.

The secret passage, which may now be seen leading from the spiral staircase through the rock to the water's edge below, unhappily did not then exist, and there remained but one resource for the hapless pair. They appeared for one moment on the summit of the tower, locked in each other's embrace. As they looked down despairingly on their besiegers, a prompt order to draw their bows was given to his archers by the relentless baron; but, ere the heartless command could be executed, both had leaped into the stream below, and the peaceful waters were flowing on, regardless of the cruel tragedy of which they had been the scene.

Another legend, and one, too, that has many firm believers, is that of the "Cock, Crescent, and Cross," on the Carmelite Convent, formerly the governor's house, at Raab. Upon the turret of this convent is a vane in the shape of a cock, which was in existence at the time of the Turkish invasion of Hungary.

The Turkish general, having been advised to abandon the siege of Raab, replied resolutely:

"Never! You see yon brass cock on the turret of the governor's house? If to-morrow morning that cock should crow, then, and then only, will I withdraw my men."

The cock, however, did not wait for dawn, but took the infidel at his word, and crew loudly three times on the spot, to the terror and amazement of all who witnessed the prodigy, upon which the Turkish soldiers declared they would not strike another blow, and their commander himself, not less terrified by the phenomenon, gave the order to retreat. To commemorate the opportune incident, the gilt cock received the addition of a crescent; but it was perched on a cross, to show that the symbol in no way interfered with the faith of the "Raabites," and has ever since been religiously preserved and regularly repaired.

ASHES OF ROSES.

SOMEbody promised, "Before June closes,

I will be with you to gather the roses;

Falling my share of the blossomy treasure

May lavished on you in bountiful measure,

Missing the dew and delight of the spring,

June, I affirm, shall atone for the thing:

When the sweet summer is red with her roses,

Look for my coming, or ever June closes."

Somebody else, by her casement leaf-shaded,

Watched till the roses had blossomed and faded;

Counted the beautiful days as they vanished,

Hoped until hope from her bosom was banished.

When the fair queen of the summer was dead,

Sighing, she turned from her window and said,

"June will return and new roses discover,

But, oh! for the June of my heart that is over!"

M. E. BRADLEY.

SKETCH OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

UNTIL the recent publication of Veitch's long-expected memoir of Sir William Hamilton, the world has known him almost exclusively as the man of unparalleled erudition; as the skilful metaphysician, at the touch of whose magic wand the dead philosophies of by-gone ages had suddenly come to life again; as the keen dialectician, beneath whose merciless logic no opponent could pass unscathed; as the idol of his pupils, whose enthusiasm was kindled by contact with him; as the stern, uncompromising man of action, whose anger and scorn were at times terrible to witness; and, alas! as the strong man shorn of his strength. Henceforth, in Professor Veitch's sympathetically-written pages, we shall be able to correct and complete this one-sided impression. Following the years (amounting almost to a lifetime) of patient, unrequited toil that elapsed before the review of Cousin startled the philosophical world, we learn to admire what is so easy to inculcate, so difficult to practise—his heroic devotion to truth for its own sake. In the picture of Sir William Hamilton, "as he lived," we see a character of singular loveliness, united to that commanding form and manly beauty, which, previous to his lamented illness, made him physically, as he was intellectually and morally, the worthy compeer of Chalmers and Wilson.

William Hamilton was born on the 8th of March, 1788, in the College of Glasgow. His father was Dr. William Hamilton, Professor of Anatomy and Botany in the University. His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. William Stirling, an influential merchant in Glasgow. William was the eldest surviving child of his parents, a brother and sister having died in infancy. The only other issue of the marriage was a son, afterward Captain Thomas Hamilton, author of "Cyril Thornton," "Men and Manners in America," and other works.

Dr. William Hamilton, the father of the subject of this memoir, appears to have been a man of high moral character and great intellectual ability and professional skill, giving promise of much future usefulness—a prospect soon blighted by his too early death, at the age of thirty-two, while yet his son William was in his second year. To the mother was thus left the early training of her two sons. In ap-

pearance, William resembled his mother, who was one of a family remarkable for good looks. In character, Mrs. Hamilton belonged to the once numerous, and, happily, not yet extinct, class of Scottish mothers, distinguished more by natural ability than polished culture, and by a certain native simplicity, combined with shrewdness and strength of character; who possess very warm parental feelings, but are withal undemonstrative; who are indulgent, yet cherish somewhat extreme notions respecting the limits of maternal authority and filial obedience.

Of William Hamilton's early boyhood, his biographer says:

"There was no remarkable intellectual precocity about him; a young lad, with an overflowing, healthy boyishness, loving pets of all kinds—dogs, birds, etc.—Intensely; fond of active, out-door sports; given decidedly to practical jokes and fun; and remembered... for the kindness, protection, and generosity, which the strong, bold boy used to extend to the little and weak ones among his companions. . . . A very difficult fellow for elderly ladies to manage, as his aunts discovered, when he and his brother were occasionally left in their charge."

His early education was conducted partly at home, by a domestic tutor, partly in the public schools of his native city. From October, 1801, to midsummer, 1803, was spent at a school in Bromley, England. Here he made rapid progress in his studies, but disliked the school exceedingly; probably because of the strict discipline to which he was subjected. "I hate England," he says in a letter to his mother at this time. During the three following winters, he studied in the University of Glasgow, first in the Arts classes, and afterward in those of Medicine. At college, he acquitted himself with distinction, more especially in the classes of Logic and Moral Philosophy—the department in which he was, in after-life, to become so famous. The winter of 1806-'7 was spent in Edinburgh, and devoted to the study of medicine.

Two points in the character of William Hamilton are worth noting here. The one is, his taste for collecting books, which had some years before this time appeared, and which, despite the repeated remonstrances of his mother, and afterward of his wife, gained strength every year, until it resulted in his possessing one of the finest private philosophical libraries in Britain. The other is, the relation that subsisted between him and his mother. "Though never wanting in filial respect and affection, he writes to her with the familiarity of an equal in point of years, without reserve, and often strongly." "I wish you would give me a genteeler appellation on the back of your next letter," he writes to his mother, in his nineteenth year. Apparently, however,

this gentle hint of the desirability of being styled either "Mr." or "Esq.," had little effect; for, a few months later, he threatens to adopt measures of retaliation. "You'll please to remember that, if you don't give me all my dignities, I shall direct my next letter to you, 'Elizabeth Hamilton,' without any ceremony."

In 1807, Hamilton entered on residence at Balliol College, Oxford. Here he continued till 1811. So much diligence and ability did he bring to bear upon his studies, that "he was able, in the short period of his undergraduateship, to become the most learned Aristotelian in Oxford." At his examination, "the examining-masters themselves seemed to feel his superiority." Of his character, physical, intellectual, and moral, during this important period of his life, we have

ample means of judging in his letters, and, above all, in the reminiscences of college friends:

"These reminiscences leave no shade of indistinctness on the features of the Hamilton of the Oxford period. He stands out in entire lifelike reality; handsome and commanding in form, with overflowing spirits, and abounding physical vigor, that delighted and excelled in all bodily exercises; possessed withal of a fervid, unquenchable intellectual ambition, the hardest student and keenest intellect of his time—reading so widely that he could offer, without boasting, to give some account of any book, in the languages which he knew, on any subject that was named to him—reading, too, without aid of tutor and usual appliances, leaving all such far behind in his strong self-reliance and love of literary conquest. Admired and revered for his talents and attainments; possessing unbounded personal influence, and using it nobly; beloved for his frankness, his friendliness, his tender-heartedness, and generosity; ready to aid the young freshman in the difficulties of his early studies, and seeking carefully to keep him from evil companions; with but limited means, yet open of hand to men whose circumstances were narrower than his own, and concealing his part in the matter; yielding to no

excesses or unworthy solicitations, yet social and ready to relax severer pursuits for the companionship of his chosen friends; sunny and joyous—we find in him a breadth, force, purity, and elevation of character, which have been rarely paralleled."

Hitherto Mr. Hamilton had pursued the study of medicine, with the view of entering that profession. His prospects of success, moreover, in this line, were excellent. But, soon after leaving Oxford, he determined to abandon medicine, and study for the Scottish bar. In 1813, he passed advocate, and thenceforth Edinburgh was his permanent place of residence. His leisure at the bar allowed him ample time during the next three years to prosecute the researches he had previously begun into the history of his family and his claim to the Preston baronetcy; and, in 1816, he was declared "entitled to bear the name and style of *Baronet of Preston and Fingalton*"



ever truly yours
W. Hamilton

—a title that had been in abeyance for rather more than one hundred years.

Though his capacities as a lawyer were of good repute, Sir William Hamilton's career at the bar was not a brilliant success. This his biographer easily accounts for. His habit of elaborate research, combined with a want of punctuality and regularity; his dislike to the technicalities necessary to successful practice; his decided Whiggism, at a time when Toryism was in the ascendant in Scotland, and legal, like every other kind of preferment, was a matter of political favoritism; the sternly-uncompromising spirit of the man when once, after full investigation, he had made up his mind which doctrine was true and which course of action right; his utter abhorrence of all jobbery—these were qualities not likely, in those days of political corruption, to bring their possessor many of the blessings of legal patronage.

The too early death, in 1820, of Dr. Thomas Brown, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, seemed to hold out the hope of a way whereby the reputed erudition and philosophical acumen of Sir William Hamilton might be utilized. This hope, however, was doomed to disappointment. The contest lay between Sir William and his friend Mr. John Wilson ("Christopher North"). Looking solely to the comparative philosophical merits of the candidates, it may well seem incredible that Wilson should have been preferred to Hamilton. But, remembering that the election was in the hands of the town council, composed of men whose votes on any question were given almost exclusively from considerations of party politics; that the Tories were in the majority in the council; that Hamilton was a Whig and Wilson a Tory—it will be seen that the result might have been predicted. Wilson was elected. And so Sir William Hamilton "had yet to wait for sixteen long years ere he found a befitting sphere for the exercise of his powers."

This clashing of interests did not, however, diminish the cordiality of the friendship between the two rivals. And long after, when the writer of this paper was studying in Edinburgh, and Hamilton and Wilson had passed away, it used to be related, with pride, how, on days when it was known that Wilson was to deliver one of those grand bursts of eloquence which disdained the usual forms of academical prelection, Hamilton would contrive to be present, and would vie with the youthful auditors in the vehemence of his expressions of applause.

In the following year, Sir William Hamilton was appointed to the chair of Civil History in Edinburgh University. The death of his mother, in 1827, was a very severe affliction; which, however, was lessened by his marriage, two years later, with his cousin, Miss Marshall, who proved in every respect a help meet for him.

Though professional practice was not superabundant, the years spent in Edinburgh, down to 1836, were far from idle or profitless. Besides being busily engaged in amassing those vast stores of philosophical knowledge that have since given him a European and American fame, his other pursuits were of the most varied kind. He carried on extensive reading of modern Latin poets; drew up a scheme for reorganizing the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh; investigated animal magnetism and mesmerism, to which he was inclined to give a general assent; discussed the Greek verb; refuted the phrenologists; * and carried on experiments to determine the functions of various parts of the brain, for which purpose the yard of his house "was filled with rabbits, poultry, etc., which ate, slept, and moved about with their heads transfixed with needles in different directions, in defiance of phrenological and physiological predictions that these functions must thereby be instantly arrested." He also conducted

elaborate experiments on his children and on himself. But that which gives to this period its chief interest and importance, is the fact that, during the latter part of it, were written those articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, which, as some one has said, convinced the world that a new power had arisen in philosophy.

The time at length arrived when patient research, learning unparalleled in Britain, and philosophical ability, were to obtain some reward, or at least a fitting sphere of usefulness. In 1836, by a majority of four in the town council, Sir William Hamilton was elected to the chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. Of his public career, from this period to the end of his life, little need here be said. The learning, ability, and zeal, which he brought to bear upon the duties of the chair, and the enthusiasm he excited in the best minds of the youth of that generation; the impulse he gave to the study of philosophy, not only in Scotland, but throughout Europe and America—an impulse which did not cease with his death, but which is still powerfully operative among us, and is destined to affect the course of philosophical inquiry for generations to come—all this is well known. To most people, it will seem a matter for regret and indignation, that one so eminently endowed should, through the bigoted stupidity of the electors of the university, have had to wait so long before he found a congenial sphere, and that his tardy success should have proved so near a failure—the majority in his favor being only four.

In July, 1844, without any premonitory symptoms, Sir William Hamilton was struck down by paralysis:

"The stroke was sudden, and heavy to bear. He was yet in his prime, and, up to the day of his seizure, had been active and athletic beyond most men. The illness which followed was tedious, and it left him broken in health and vigor. His intellect, however, was entire, active, and acute as before; and his wonderful memory remained unimpaired. . . . But the body had suffered severely. The right hand was powerless, the right leg impaired, and the articulation was often indistinct. . . . His vision also was affected."

Notwithstanding these manifold bodily infirmities, Hamilton continued to prosecute his varied occupations. These were among the most fruitful and laborious years of his life. It was during this period that he brought out most of the books that bear his name, and collected and organized materials for projected works, which he did not live to accomplish. "He also, during the college session, with the exception of that of 1844-'45, appeared regularly in his class-room, and read a portion of the hour's lecture, having an assistant who read the remainder."

Thus Sir William Hamilton continued to labor with untiring devotion, and with little abatement of his youthful enthusiasm, till the close of the college session, about the middle of April, 1856. A few days after this date, he had alarming attacks of giddiness and headache—premonitory symptoms of what proved to be his last illness. He died on the 6th of May, 1856.

"A simpler and a grander nature never arose out of darkness into human life—a truer and a manlier character God never made. How plain, and yet how polished, was his life, in all its ways; how refined, yet how robust and broad his intelligence, in all its workings! . . . His contributions to philosophy have been great; but the man himself was greater far." So wrote one * who, knowing him long, and loving him well, and, unbiassed by assent to the conclusions of his philosophy, was well fitted to appreciate him.

AN AFTERNOON HOUR IN THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.

IT is not always the triumphal arches of a foreign city that constitute its most pleasing interest. It is not always its palaces and columns, its galleries and museums, that leave the strongest impression on the observer's susceptibility. These are its treasures, its hoarded wealth of history, but not its life, its ardor, its pulsation of to-day.

The artistic eye may wander, week after week, over its pictured walls, and through its echoing galleries, delighted with the recognized superiority, gathered from every land and all ages, yet bear away no vision which shall indicate wherein the Louvre differs from the Vatican, or Paris from Rome.

The intellectual spirit may haunt libraries, pore over historic rec-

* Among the reminiscences of Sir William Hamilton, furnished by Mr. Carlyle, is the following characteristic description of a paper on Phrenology, read by Sir William before the Royal Society of Edinburgh. After stating the general character of the argument, Mr. Carlyle goes on to say: "The crowning finish of it was this: 'Here are two skulls' (or rather, here *were*, for the experiment was but reported to us), 'two noteworthy skulls; let us carefully make trial and comparison of them. One is the skull of a Malay robber and cut-throat, who ended by murdering his mistress and getting hanged; skull sent me by so-and-so' (some principal official at Penang); 'the other is George Buchanan's skull, preserved in the university here. One is presumably a very bad specimen of a nation reckoned morally and intellectually bad; the other a very good, of a nation which surely reckons itself good. Let us take our callipers, and measure them bump after bump. Bump of benevolence is so-and-so, bump of idealism—and in result, adding all, and balancing all, your callipers declare the Malay to transcend in goodness the Buchanan by such-and-such a cipher of inches. A better man, in intellect and heart, that Malay, if there be truth in arithmetic and these callipers of yours!'"

* The late Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrew's, Scotland.

ords, and waste itself in admiration of learned and cultivated men, yet not be cognizant of the idiosyncrasies of present existence.

The contemplative mind may roam through the memory-crowded rooms of imperial palaces, rekindling the extinguished torches of royal revelry, and muse over the lights and shadows of dead human hearts, yet know little of the actual throbbing life that is tramping the streets and stirring the dust of to-day.

These thoughts involuntarily impressed me, as I seated myself in the midst of the fountains, trees, and statues, adorning the "Garden of the Tuileries." The scene was one that no painter's hand can reproduce, no poetic inspiration can transmit. It was life. It was the breathing, the laughing, the sensate thrill, of the city's existence. It was men, women, and children, delightedly gathering for their usual afternoon pleasure. That was all. It was as necessary as their bath, their breakfast, their dinner, and belonged as much to the comforts of their daily life. With us, it would have been a gala occasion; with them, it was a custom. With us, it would have been labor and toil, from its rarity and ignorance of how to enjoy; with them, it was relaxation and happy ease, entire and thorough freedom everywhere. The garden belonged to the people; no red boards, planted low down as if ashamed of their office, withheld a footstep from the grass.

Chairs, too, were everywhere—not a few, but enough for the hundreds of restless roamers; not fastened down, but free, to be carried anywhere, placed any way, in a row, in groups, as you will. And the people—men, not the toilers of life alone, but men of all professions—walking about, conversing with a zest and vividness most bewitching, or, seated in groups, idly enjoying the bliss of rest, or, solitary, reading a journal, smoking a cigar, musing, writing—all buoyant with being, quaffing great draughts of that wine of life which brings to the eye lustre, to the frame strength, and to the brain electric force.

There, too, were women—beautiful family groups—the ladies, with their embroidery, knitting, feminine employments of all sorts (I saw one quite stylish-looking circle, the chief member of which was mending some beautifully-fine stockings, as unconcerned as if in her own boudoir), seated in groups, with books, *bombons*, and the everlasting "chocolate," by way of entertainment. Young girls were there, with a roll of music, or a basket of bright-colored wools, each accompanied by her maid. These maids, or *bonnes*, are a pleasing feature in the picture. With their pretty white caps, always fresh and clean, their large white aprons, with capacious pockets, they flit about like butterflies, guarding their older charges from too evident manifestations of admiration, or skipping, laughing, and playing with the dear little babies committed to their tenderness.

But the children. Breathe softly, for we are holding the future in our embrace. Paris loves her little children, and "forbids them not." Wherever the woods are greenest, the flowers most beautiful, the sights and sounds most pleasing, there Paris welcomes her children.

Nowhere in the world are the home affections so cultivated as in a native French family, and nowhere are there purer instances of filial love. It is because the fathers and mothers of France are with their children everywhere, and take pains and infinite care that they shall be made happy.

So chatty, so sparkling, so natural, yet withal so free from any thing low, these children were the gems of the scene. Playing unrestricted, within sight and sound of "the family," full of joyous gladness, they tossed the ball, or skipped the rope, or wound themselves up in those intricacies of mazy circle which the children of all lands know how to form.

Always neatly and tastefully, sometimes richly, dressed, they filled the air with soft notes of melodious laughter, or delighted the vision with sweet shapes of unstudied grace—a kaleidoscopic witchery, a dream of beauty, embroidered on the tapestry of human life.

Some American children were there; but it was evident they were not "to the manner born." Pale and delicate, or dark and sallow, they sat down with that *prima compositura* that would be manifested in church while waiting for the service to commence, half desiring to join the unobtrusive merriment, yet half wondering and astonished at the careless gaiety around them.

Sympathetic emotion soon smooths the rough corners of nationality; and, with a pretty shyness of invitation from their French sisters, as shyly accepted, the strangers were soon gayly enjoying themselves.

The rapid, rippling, and forcible utterance of the musical language sounds pleasantly to the ear always; but, from the French children, it has a wonderful charm of expression, and you cannot divest yourself of a species of amazement, absurd though it be, that they speak it so readily.

Women, with baskets of delicate, crispy cakes, seemed welcome to everybody, so homelike and natural is the out-door life. Many a quaint costume lent a fanciful image to the scene, among which the large, stiff, white Norman caps and bright bodices were noticeable; while a variety of military uniforms, including the Oriental costume of the *sombre zouave*, and the brilliant dress of the *chasseurs d'Afrique*, gave light and life to the picture.

Nor was music wanting, with its refining tendencies. One of the finest bands in the city plays an hour every afternoon, from five to six. The selections are varied, satisfying the classical, romantic, operatic, or popular desire. The gentlemen walk quietly about, with listening attitude, all gradually drawing nearer the central point, where the band is stationed, and where chairs are placed in the similitude of a concert-room. They stand silently, with appreciative air, while the pleasing harmony invites and rewards attention.

The ladies absently put aside their various occupations, and, with kindled eye, nod their pretty heads in unison with the measure of the music; or, soothed to quiet, bend their gaze downward, each, perhaps, thinking of that which the charm has most stirred in life.

And the children—bless them all the world over!—grow merrier than ever, and dance all alone, or in exquisite groups, with graceful motion, and all the *abandon* of innocent youth.

To the honor and glory of New York, be it noticed that, of a Saturday afternoon in summer, Paris can show no finer sight than the gatherings in Central Park, concentrated by the attraction of Dodworth's music; but that, which in New York is exceptional, is here an every-day delight, entirely free from the weariness which, with us, necessarily follows the occasional relaxation, that we ignorantly turn into "hard work." Here, instead of crowding the amusement necessary to each of the six days into one afternoon, it is scattered pleasantly throughout the week, so that at eventide Paris is fresh as at morning, having imbibed from the out-door life that element which knows no haggard countenance, no stooping frame, no toil-worn brain.

As the last gay and inspiring selection of the band ceases, the throng begins to disperse, quietly, easily, leisurely, as though there was nothing else in the world to do but sit under the trees and listen to music. Yet they go back to stern duties, with recruited energy and encouraged ardor, to return again to-morrow afternoon, improving here or elsewhere the "time for rest."

Above them arches the blue sky of "France the beautiful," gleaming through the trees among which their fathers and mothers danced away their childhood before them.

Around them stand the chiselled statues of earlier days, from whose marble lips no sound comes to tell of the wild tumult they have witnessed, or the bloody horror on which their stony gaze rested when terror reigned supreme.

At one end of the avenue which divides the "garden" is the central façade of the Tuileries; and, as we joined the throng, moving in the opposite direction toward the Place de la Concorde, the setting sun threw into bold relief the beautiful figure of Fame upon one of the terraces. With the trumpet lifted to her lips, she seemed alive with glory, sounding on through the future the hoarded victories of the past. Into the open space passed the crowd, welcoming the benediction of night; but we walked slowly through that historic spot, remembering how lately the guillotine had given fierce joy to the populace on the soil our feet were treading, and how many of the fairest and bravest had there knelt to receive a bitter death.

The last strain of Vergniaud's heroic voice, bearing unflinchingly onward the burden of the *Marseillaise*, seemed still to tremble on the air, mingled with the exclamation wrung from Madame Roland's defiant wonder; yet the France of to-day buries their wrongs under sparkling fountains, and the Paris of to-day eats its daily bread in peace.

We walked slowly on through the active beauty of the Champs Elysées, thanking Heaven that home in Paris is as much out-of-doors as in-doors, and believing that the joyousness of a people depends upon its willingness to accept health, force, and vitality, from the sun and from the air under the open sky.

THE LEIPSIK BOOK-TRADE.

ONE of the recent numbers of the *Gartenlaube* contains an interesting account of the development and present colossal proportions of the book-trade, and allied branches of industry, for which Leipzig has now become so famous, not only in Germany, but throughout the civilized world. The beginning of the importance of Leipzig in this respect dates from 1765, at which time the centre of all the activities connected with printing and publication was Frankfurt-on-the-Main. During that year those industries began to transfer themselves to Leipzig, and the ground was laid of a union of German booksellers, which lasted, with varying fortunes, till 1825, when it formed the basis of another and still surviving union, the number of whose members, originally one hundred and eight, is at present about one thousand. In 1836, this union was able to build the exchange known as "die deutsche Buchhändlerbörse."

To all the members of the booksellers' union, Leipzig is the centre of gravity. Here reside the commissioners to whom the publishers send their works, and who dispatch them to all parts of Germany and the world, according as orders are received by them. The amount of business transacted by these commission-agents may be inferred from the fact that, in 1867, they dispatched something like 130,000 cwts. of books, which weight was considerably overstepped in 1868; and probably the weight of books that annually reach Leipzig, consigned to them, is equally great.

According to Schürmann, of books of all kinds, there appeared:

	In 1789.	In 1859.
In Germany as a whole,	2,118	9,095
In Leipzig,	355	1,582
In Berlin,	261	1,299

Similar proportions prevail at the present day. Of the collective literary produce of Germany, Leipzig has for long claimed one-sixth; Berlin, one-eighth. Still more marked would be the prominence of Leipzig over Berlin, did we exclude from our reckoning newspapers, official documents, and such like, which are of necessity more numerous in a capital than in a provincial town. That, among European countries, Germany takes the lead in a literary point of view, is well known. During last year, there appeared, in Germany, about 12,000 works; in England, only 4,300.

It is in Leipzig that almost all the bibliographical catalogues, etc., appear. The importance of this, as indicative of the literary activity of a place, cannot be properly estimated out of Germany, where alone bibliography has for any length of time been treated in a scientific manner. But there will be no difficulty in recognizing the industrial value of the periodicals published in Leipzig. Take one of the most widely known—the *Gartenlaube*. At present this popular *Familienblatt* enjoys the enormous circulation of 280,000. The paper required for it yearly amounts to 6,000 bales, or 30,000,000 sheets, weighing 14,100 cwts., and costing over 200,000 German dollars.

For taste, solidity, elegance, and speed, the printing-presses of Leipzig have of late years carried the palm in Germany. Not only are they thus drawing to themselves an increasingly-large amount of native work, but, printing being here from twenty-five to forty per cent. cheaper than in London and Paris, large orders are now more and more frequently executed for English, French, and Russian authors.

In Leipzig and the villages in its suburbs, there are, at present, 47 printing-establishments. These possess in all 98 hand-presses (of which 50 are in action), 214 single machines (of which 166 are in action), and 4 great double machines; and give employment to 1,750 persons, of whom 450 are young women.

Until very recently, Leipzig publishers were wont to send their books to Berlin to be bound. Now, however, the reverse is the case. Berlin as well as foreign publishers prefer to have the work done in Leipzig. In 1830, this branch of industry in the latter place numbered 32 master-binders and 70 journeymen. In 1867, the number of the former was 125; that of the latter, 400; while the machinery employed represented a capital of \$100,000. The yearly cost of the so-called leaf-gold required by two book-binding houses is \$30,000.

Among a music-loving people like the Germans, the industries connected with the publication of music must be of importance. In this respect, also, Leipzig occupies the foremost place, not merely in Germany, but in the whole world. Of the total music published in Germany, Leipzig furnishes about one-third. The house of Breitkopf & Härtel, which recently celebrated its one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary,

and which has long enjoyed a world-wide reputation, represents a true history of the music of the last and present centuries. Here also is the largest music-engraving establishment in Germany, which produces yearly 24,000 music-plates. By this house alone, 36,000 pounds of metal, and 400 bales, or 4,000,000 sheets, of paper, are annually used.

The second-hand-book trade of Leipzig, and the allied book-auction sales, merit notice. During the last quarter of a century this branch of business has developed in an extraordinary manner, so that Leipzig now stands, in this respect, on the highest grade. The greatest part of German, and many foreign, salable libraries reach Leipzig, either to go into possession of an *antiquariat* (second-hand-book seller), or to be sold by auction to the credit of the owner. Each of the larger second-hand houses publishes annually several catalogues, arranged in a strictly scientific manner, which circulate throughout the world, and keep the business in a state of continuous activity.

The book-auction business is represented by four firms, which, in 1868, held twelve auctions, bringing to market 54,200 works (about 200,000 volumes), and realizing \$50,000. During the first week of the present year, three important auctions were held, one of them being the library of the late Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. Besides the Englishmen and Frenchmen who attended this sale, there was an American—a deputy from the Congress Library of Washington.

Altogether, Leipzig numbers at present 258 book-selling firms, with a personnel of 800 to 900.

During Easter, the Booksellers' Exchange mentioned above presents a lively scene. Here all connected with the book-trade in Leipzig meet the booksellers from other parts of Germany and from abroad. And, during the four or six days on which the annual reckonings *pro* and *contra* are made, about \$3,500,000 pass through the hands of the Leipzig commissioners.

It has long been customary for publishers to bring to this annual gathering new works, for the purpose of sale or exchange. The facilities for making this mutual acquaintance with each other's publications are now greatly increased. In the small hall of the Exchange are tastefully arranged and exposed to view all the most important books that have recently appeared, together with proofs of forthcoming volumes. The public, as well as the booksellers, make ample use of this exposition.

Two other institutions connected with the Booksellers' Exchange have yet to be mentioned. The one is the Apprentices' Institute—an establishment in which young men who intend to follow the book-trade as a profession receive a thorough training for that work. The number of students attending this institute last year was 79. The other institution—"the Business-post of the Leipzig Book-trade"—is of the greatest practical importance. Each bookseller hands over his correspondence to this establishment, and receives from it, three or four times a day, all the business-papers intended for him. When it is stated that from 60,000 to 65,000 is the average daily number of these papers, the reader will form something like a correct idea of the extent and activity of the Leipzig book-trade.

THE COST OF WAR.

THE number of French soldiers sent to the East, during the Crimean War, amounted to 309,268. The deaths numbered 95,615, or almost one-third.

In analyzing the losses, we find the following figures:

Slain by the Russians	10,240
Died in France from the effects of the campaign	15,025
Drowned in the Semellante	702
Died in the ambulances and hospitals	69,648
	95,615

By which we perceive that the fire of the enemy is not the most deadly element in war.

Great Britain at the same time sent to the East 97,864 soldiers, of whom almost one-quarter died, viz., 22,182. The proportion of losses being, however, considerably less than in the French army; in analyzing which we find that there were

Slain, or died of wounds	4,602
Died of disease in the hospitals	17,580
	22,182

Piedmont sent to the Crimea only 12,000 men, of whom one-sixth died, viz., 2,194.

Killed in battle.....	28
Died in the hospitals.....	2,166
	<u>2,194</u>

The total losses of all parties in the war may be summed as follows:

French army.....	95,615
British army.....	22,182
Piedmontese army.....	2,194
Turkish army.....	35,000
Russian army.....	630,000
	<u>784,991</u>

The Italian War of 1859, although of shorter duration, was equally disastrous: the total losses of the three armies having been calculated by Baron Larrey, as follows:

French.....	17,775
Italians.....	6,575
Austrians.....	38,650
	<u>63,000</u>

In the war between the United States and the Confederates the losses are still more frightful. The armies of the North having had

Slain in battle.....	97,000
Died from wounds and disease in the hospitals.....	184,000
	<u>281,000</u>

The losses sustained by the thirteen Southern States are still more appalling, 300,000 men having been slain in battle, died in hospitals, or been disabled for life.

In the war of the German Confederation against the small kingdom of Denmark we find that the Prussian army, of 63,000 men, lost 1,048.

Of whom were killed.....	738
Died in the hospitals.....	310
	<u>1,048</u>

The Danish army, of course, suffered more severely; 2,256 having been killed or wounded by the enemy; the number of those who died in hospitals being insignificant.

In the campaign of Sadowa, the Prussian army had

Slain in battle.....	4,450
Died in hospitals.....	6,427
	<u>10,877</u>

The Austrian army, of 407,223 men, having had

Slain.....	10,994
Wounded.....	29,304
Missing and prisoners.....	43,743
	<u>84,041</u>

The losses of the Italians at Custozza and Lissa cannot be estimated at less than from 3,000 to 3,500 men.

The Crimean War cost

Great Britain.....	\$371,152,340
France.....	332,000,000
Piedmont.....	10,581,517
Turkey.....	80,000,000

Total for the Allies..... \$793,733,857

while the expenses sustained by Russia, in carrying on the war, amounted to no less than \$800,000,000.

The war in Italy cost

France.....	\$75,000,000
Italy.....	
Piedmont.....	51,000,000
Austria.....	127,000,000
Total.....	<u>\$253,000,000</u>

The War of Secession, in America, cost the Northern States the enormous amount of \$6,700,000,000, while the losses sustained by the Southern States, though they will never probably be correctly known,

must have been greater in proportion, they having only yielded after the complete exhaustion of both men and means.

The War of Schleswig-Holstein cost Denmark \$36,000,000, and the German Confederation at least twice as much.

The campaign of Sadowa cost Prussia, after deducting indemnity paid to Austria.....	\$40,000,000
Austria, after adding indemnity paid to Prussia.....	120,000,000
Bavaria, Hanover, Hesse, Württemberg, and Frankfurt.....	100,000,000

Total..... \$260,000,000

The Mexican War cost France \$100,000,000, and the expeditions to China, Cochinchina, Syria, Morocco, Saint Domingo, and the War of Paraguay, may be estimated at the same sum, \$100,000,000.

The losses in men may be estimated as follows:

Crimea.....	784,991
Italy.....	63,000
Northern States of America.....	281,000
Southern States of America.....	300,000
Schleswig-Holstein.....	3,304
Sadowa.....	51,175
Custozza and Lissa.....	3,500
Mexico, etc.....	65,000
	<u>1,551,970</u>

While the losses in means are as follows:

Allies, Crimean War.....	\$793,733,857
Russians, Crimean War.....	800,000,000
Italy.....	253,000,000
War of Secession, North.....	6,700,000,000
Schleswig-Holstein.....	108,000,000
Campaign of Sadowa.....	260,000,000
Mexican War.....	100,000,000
China, Syria, Paraguay, etc.....	100,000,000

\$9,114,733,857

This frightful squandering of means which, properly applied, might change the face of society, ought to be a stern lesson to all generations concerning their duties and interests.

TRAINING AND CRAMMING.

ALTHOUGH the course of psychological inquiry is fast discrediting the mental scheme that has gone under the name of phrenology, yet, true or false, the world will always be its debtor for having thoroughly popularized the truth that mind is a definite cerebral manifestation—that mental power is an affair of brain activity. So long as the conception of mind was that of a pure metaphysical abstraction without material correlations and limitations—so long as it was held that mind, in its very nature, was at war with matter and disdained all material conditions—there was a vagueness or an indefiniteness about mental studies which is foreign to the clearness and precision of science, and explains why it was that a subject, upon which so much effort had been expended, was so little progressive. But when it was at last proved and admitted that mind-action depends upon brain-action, and that therefore psychical phenomena are controlled by physiological law, the epoch was reached at which true mental science first became possible with its inevitable promise of ultimate practical applications. Of course, the new view at first labored under enormous disadvantages. The old metaphysics had occupied the minds of the most learned scholars for thousands of years. It was interwoven with all dignified, reverent, and sacred associations, and could not be expected to make terms with an upstart doctrine which coolly repudiated past methods as vicious, and past results as of little worth. Besides, these who maintained that the mind works through the brain, and is therefore controlled by

material laws, could go little further than the bare affirmation. Explanations were impossible. Metaphysics piled up its questions mountain-high, and, so long as the only answer that could be made was the crude and unsatisfactory system of phrenology, the whole subject was matter of very natural derision.

But this first stage of difficulty is now past. Cerebral psychology, having relieved itself of the incubus of phrenology, is now making rapid strides toward the establishment of a new and positive science of mind; while the habit of substituting the idea of an organ which grows and decays, which may be weak or strong, sound or unsound, debilitated or invigorated, overstrained or neglected, in condition or out of condition, and which is governed by the general laws of the physical system—the general habit of substituting such a conception for that of a vague metaphysical abstraction, has practical advantages which it is impossible to overestimate.

In education, especially, the necessity of thinking *brain* whenever we think *mind* is not only important but imperative. The conception of mind as an abstraction connotes only vague processes of thought, and involves nothing beyond the sphere of the abstract. The conception of mind as brain-power, on the other hand, connotes material laws and limits, life and death, and gives us clear reasons why this course is advantageous and that injurious. This is well illustrated by the two school operations of *cramming* and *training*. So long as mind is dissociated in thought from body, and conceived of as an independent abstraction, the explanation of the difference between these two modes of acquisition, why one is good and the other bad, is not so obvious. If an abstraction can be crammed, who can say that it is not natural and proper that it *should* be crammed? If it be replied that experience shows it to be wrong, it is granted; yet this idea of mind offers no reason why it should be so. But the moment we conceive of mental activity as exercised and conditioned by a physical organ, the explanation is apparent. The young brain can be worked in two ways, with a view to permanent effects and with a view to immediate effects. The history of childhood shows that the brain grows and that the mind grows with it. Growth is a slow process—an affair of time, involving the natural processes of nutrition and assimilation, and these natural processes cannot be hastened beyond the normal rate, or, if they are, it is at the expense of health. Time and repetition are the normal conditions of brain-acquisition, and when the mind is methodically applied, under these conditions, to any subject, so as to form fixed habits, it is said to be trained. The prime elements of mental training are time and methodical repetition, because cerebral nutrition, by which associations become concentrated and aptitudes embodied, is also inexorably an affair of time. Training is that slow shaping of the mental organ to any given order of acquisition which results in solid and permanent attainment.

But the mind can be worked also with the view to immediate effects, and this action is exactly antagonistic to that in the former case. Brain-force, being limited in quantity, cannot be rallied for an extra transient effort without lowering the energies devoted to steady and permanent growth. Cramming is, therefore, at the expense of training; the immediate is at the expense of the permanent. The first condition of cramming is easy, nervous excitability. Excitable brains are those that can concentrate the cerebral force for temporary acquisition, and, by drawing upon the fund of the future, can fix a great variety of impressions, which will last during the period of brain exaltation. Organizations thus constituted can keep up the mental pressure until a great mass of material is crowded into the memory, which can be drawn upon while the excitement lasts, so as to produce the most astonishing effects. "The occasion past, the brain must lie idle for a corresponding length of time, while a large proportion of the excited impressions will gradually perish away. This system is exceedingly unfavorable to permanent acquisitions; for those the brain should be carefully husbanded, and temporarily drawn upon; every

period of undue excitement and feverish susceptibility is a time of great waste for the plastic energy of the mind." Such is the statement of Professor Bain, and it may be summed up in this, that transient acquisitions are at the expense of enduring ones.

Coaching up to pass examination, and cramming for public exhibition, are vicious practices. The attainments made under these circumstances are not only next to worthless in themselves, but they break up the steady and measured work of education, and, what is equally bad, they cultivate and strengthen those selfish, egotistical feelings which it is the business of moral education to repress. The child's vanity, its desire to shine and be conspicuous, is appealed to, in the first instance, as a provocative of cerebral excitement; this is reinforced by the vanity and love of parents, who desire to see their children admired, while these weaknesses, of both pupils and parents, are favored and stimulated by teachers as a matter of business enterprise. All parties are interested in showy and striking results, and these are produced by cramming and not by training. To parade an immense amount of acquisition, it must all be available on the mind's surface, and thus shallow attainment is made to minister to weakness of character and to hinder substantial acquisition. Schools run on this principle do immense mischief. Instead of making the school-room a place of moral as well as intellectual discipline, and counteractive of the excitements of our tumultuous and over-stimulated life, they fall in with the general tendency, and heighten rather than retard it. There is an intoxication by the stimulus of excited feeling from mental causes, as well as an intoxication by the stimulus of wine. There are schools which might add a bar to their educational appliances without violating their method of dealing with character; and, if the pulpit will not denounce them, nor the grand jury indict them, nothing remains but for the press to expose them to public reprobation.

TABLE-TALK.

ONE of our contemporaries, in some remarks about native and foreign talent, deprecates what it considers the disposition of our people to admire that which is foreign in art or literature, in preference to home productions. The complaint is made that scanty encouragement is given to native authors, and that our home painters are neglected by a public that gathers in crowds in public galleries to admire worthless European pictures. There is a smell of antiquity in these complaints; they have been stock for querulous people for nearly a century—and are not true. Let us see. One point made in the article referred to is, that our people prefer foreign periodicals and foreign books to our own. But another of our contemporaries, only a few days before, pointed out the significant fact that no merely eclectic magazine has ever attained marked success, while those that employ native talent have, in numerous instances, attained great popularity. This fact completely settles the question, so far as periodicals are concerned. As to foreign books, there is at present only one French author—Victor Hugo—who has any popular appreciation in America. Lamartine, About, George Sand, Dumas, Laboulaye, and others, will not, ordinarily, pay expenses in a translation. Balzac, the greatest of the French novelists, was never popular with American readers. At occasional intervals, a German writer attains popularity here; but many of their best-read authors never reach American or English readers at all. With English writers it is somewhat different. Tennyson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Reade, Trollope, George Eliot, Miss Mulock, and Mrs. Oliphant, share their success between England and America. But, while these authors are widely read here, they do not exclude native writers. Neither Irving, Cooper, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Holmes, Mitchell, Kimball, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Evans, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Stephens, has ever lacked readers, or failed to find a ready market for his or her wares. Only recently an American author was paid fifteen thousand dollars for a novel—more than twice as much as has ever been paid here for the most popular of English books. Any really good product of a home writer is almost sure of a market. Our contemporary declares that, "when an American writes a novel, it is the hardest thing in the world to find a publisher for it." Only, let us say, when the novel is an inferior one, or when the publisher

has a well-founded distrust of its success. When such a crazy native book as "Warwick" can attain a great sale, no one need question the toleration of American readers for home talent. Every English novel of character at present commands a heavy price for advance-sheets, and hence the discrimination that once existed against the native author has now nearly ceased. We lack American novelists. There are scarcely a dozen thorough artists in this branch of literature in both England and America combined, and of these a very large proportion belong to the other side of the Atlantic. There is really now a desire or demand for good American novels, and the time is propitious for the appearance of that long-promised delineator of American society. But let us turn from authors to painters. Here, again, we find our contemporary singularly inexact. Our painters—Church, Bierstadt, Kensett, Hart, Gifford, Durand, and other of our landscapists—always find ready sale and appreciative prices for their pictures. Nor are the foreign importations so worthless as is charged. They are mostly in a direction in which American painters, as a rule, have attained no success—*genre* painting; and the crowds that gather at Schaus's to see Nicol's "Rent-day," or at Goupil's to witness Gérôme's or Vibert's or Bouguereau's or Baugniot's admirable pictures, are most assuredly not admirers of these productions simply because "they are foreign, and must be good." These paintings are admired because of their excellence, and the hold that subjects of the kind must ever have upon popular sympathies. Pictures of life will always transcend in general interest portraits of trees and rocks. It would be a wonderful circumstance, says our critic, "if in one of the galleries of our picture-dealers a single American production could be found." At Goupil's, paintings by Church and Hart have been the principal attraction, ever since it opened, last spring. Our contemporary is clearly wrong in its facts, and hence is, of course, wrong in its conclusions.

— We find in *Land and Water* an account of an extraordinary battle with a salmon, at the junction of the rivers Claerwen and Elan, which lasted *seventeen hours*, the fish escaping after all. The account of the affair is very graphic, and is of interest as indicating the remarkable hold sports of the kind have upon popular tastes. In this instance the salmon was struck in the afternoon, and from that time until early the next morning a curious crowd watched from the banks of the river the exciting struggle. There is something more in this than philosophy can easily account for. In the last number of the *Fortnightly Review* there is an able and exhaustive article on the "Morality of Field Sports," in which is traced an identity of spirit between the gladiatorial contests of Rome, the bull-fights of Spain, and the fox-hunting of England. This article has aroused the indignation of sportsmen all over England, and the sporting papers have taken up the gauntlet thus thrown down, with spirit and ability. The arguments of the *Review* article would seem to be conclusive, did not every one realize, or at least believe, that love of animal torture is in no way a part of the fascination experienced in field sports. The zest of conquest is probably one element in the amusement; the contest of skill, strength, or speed, so passionately stimulating to some natures, is another; and altogether there is so general a stir of the faculties, such a quickness and keenness of thinking and acting, that the sportsman, under the influence of the pastime, extends, as it were, the boundaries of life, and multiplies the sense of existence. Then, of course, there are a good many conditions pertaining to field sports that contribute to the pleasure of the sportsman—the exultation of a scamp "across country," the rich freedom and inspiration of out-of-doors; but these are evidently not necessarily dependent upon hunting. The question, however, is not a new one, and moralists sitting in cold blood may easily convince themselves of the cruelty of the amusement; but, just so long as our race retains its robust manliness, its pride in its physical culture, its love of excitement, it will doubtless retain its passion for the hunt. But we began this paragraph by speaking of a notable struggle with a salmon in an English river, intending to mention that the fish was struck by a woman. Finding the creature too powerful, she speedily handed the rod over to an expert angler of the other sex, but, during the long, wearisome struggle, this lady stood by her aide-de-camp, following him down the stream, through marsh and bog, from day till night, from night till morning. Now, this was probably not particularly heroic, nor was it refined, nor "lady-like;" but it was an instance of the sort of pluck admired and exhibited by English girls, and, under limitations, is a good sort of thing for American girls to imitate. One of the privileges the ladies may claim, which

will not be denied them, is the right of devoting more time to out-of-doors. An American girl who can strike a good rousing trout or salmon, go through thick and thin to see him landed, will experience a kind of physical training which that of the best-ordered gymnasium cannot supply, and will also discover a new and notable sensation.

— One of the effects of the Darwinian discussion will be the reasonable reconsideration of man's relation to the animal kingdom. Stupid prejudices lead to cruel and brutal treatment of inoffensive creatures, and ignorance is thus the conservator of barbarism. A better understanding of the natures of the inferior creatures will be favorable to sympathy, humanity, and kindly sentiments. The absurdity of those who are afraid that the higher animals will enter into rivalry with man, if their affinities are acknowledged, is thus happily hit off by Sydney Smith: "I confess I treat on this subject—the *anima brutorum*—with some degree of apprehension and reluctance, because I should be very sorry to do injustice to the poor brutes who have no professors to avenge their cause by lecturing on our faculties, and at the same time I know that there is a very strong anthropological party who view all eulogiums on the brute creation with a very considerable degree of suspicion, and look on every compliment which is paid to the ape as high-treason to the dignity of man. There may, perhaps, be more of rashness and of ill-fated security in my opinion than of magnanimity or of liberality, but I confess I feel myself so much at my ease about the superiority of mankind, I have such a marked and decided contempt for the understanding of every baboon I have ever seen, I feel so sure that the blue ape without a tail will never rival us in poetry, painting, and music, that I see no reason whatever that justice may not be done to the few fragments of soul and tatters of understanding which they may really possess. I have sometimes, perhaps, felt a little uneasy at Exeter 'Change, from contrasting the monkeys with the 'prentice-boys who were teasing them, but a few pages of Locke, or a few lines of Milton, have always restored me to tranquillity, and convinced me that the superiority of man had nothing to fear."

— The London *Saturday Review*, in an essay on "The Servant of Fact and Experience," has spoken liberally in behalf of a class that all the rest of mankind have united to condemn—a class perpetually the subject of complaint in society and of satire in literature, and which has been without the means or the skill to defend itself either in the parlor or the press. "Servitude has no organ," says our Reviewer; "when the pen is wielded by the hand that wields the broom, we shall perhaps hear a different story." That the evils of what *Punch* was wont to call "servantgism" have not been entirely the fault of the kitchen, a good many householders must have suspected. If the same sort of administration that obtains in a bank, a warehouse, or a factory, were applied in the family, we are disposed to believe that a favorable change in these matters would follow. Mistress and maid now are too often in that dead opposition that arises from similarity of temper. There is neither sufficient moderation nor sufficient authority, on one hand, with too much of a disposition to intermeddle with every detail; and, on the other hand, there is too much impatience, too little understanding, and too little self-discipline of temper. The individuality of the mistress too often fills the entire space, and leaves no room for the individuality of the maid. But are our servants as worthless or as troublesome as we teach ourselves to believe? Says the *Review*:

"After a long course of misunderstandings between mistress and maids, a family woke one cold morning to the uncomfortable consciousness of desertion. At the first dawn of day the servants in pique had taken themselves off in a body, carrying with them nothing of their master's but their services, and without even lighting a fire. There was no possibility of getting immediate help; there was nothing for it but that fingers unused to be soiled should set awkwardly to work with chips and bellows, and raise a tardy flame, and boil unwilling water, and take in bread from the baker and milk from the milkman, and sit down shivering and disconsolate to an ill-laid breakfast-table. The comment upon all this was natural enough—'What plagues servants are!' But how unjust! The obvious teaching of the incident should rather have been a wondering thankfulness that such a mode of beginning the day is exceptional. 'Not more than others I deserve, and yet since I was born to this hour I have found others to do this work for me.' The sight of a blazing fire, throwing a warm shimmer of brightness and polish over every thing, of a trimly-laid breakfast-table, of hissing urn, delicate rasbers, smoking chops, should surely excite perpetual gratitude toward the class who, for a poor consideration of food and wages, renew the daily paradise for us. But nobody says,

"Thank you," or sees any thing but a matter of course in this pleasant magic."

The comments that follow in the *Review* apply more particularly to English households than to ours; but, while it must be admitted that our Irish "help" go far to justify the censures so widely and indiscriminately heaped upon the whole tribe of servants, even with us a little more consideration for those whose labors contribute so essentially to our comfort, a greater moderation in our demands, more kindly sympathy, and a better appreciation of the humble labors of the class we deride, would do much to increase the harmony of households and the value of "help." Old servants, who, in our imagination, make up so much of the romance of the past, are considered by the *Review* as pleasanter in description than in fact, and as being prone to tyrannize through the weight of custom:

"Witness Miss Brontë's Tabby, an old body who at eighty was so jealous of relinquishing any part of her work that her fastidious mistress, breaking off in the full flow of inspiration, used surreptitiously to carry off the bowl of potatoes to cut out the specks which the poor creature's weak old eyes had failed to detect; and so exacting of confidence in family matters that, being stone deaf, her mistress used to walk off with her to the heart of the moor, in order that the secrets shouted into her ear might not become common property. A servant, once established as indispensable to the well-being of a household, becomes a formidable power in it, and sways the head in a way that is often intolerable to everybody else."

This is a grievance which Americans know little about; and we are also, to our sorrow, unfamiliar, to a large extent, with that other class of English servants—the waiting-maid. We quote again from the *Review*:

"We know nothing that conveys an idea of absolute fitness for her work so exactly as a typical neat-handed Phillis—so fit that no one can dream of removing her out of it. Sober, steadfast, demure in air, noiseless, speechless, except when spoken to, and then answering in the fewest words and with the distinctest utterance; the manner, perfect in its way, suggesting probably to Mr. Hawthorne his tribute to the demeanor of some of the younger women of our lower classes, in contrast with the ordinary clownishness—a manner with its own proper grace, neither affected nor imitative of something higher, a manner natural to a young woman who knows her place and her value, and is intent on putting a certain finish and completeness into all she does; her comeliness set off by a costume whose neat and trim unobtrusiveness makes it one of the prettiest and most appropriate in the world. Such a damsel is, indeed, a household treasure; no part of her needs another field; nothing is unexpressed; her wits, her memory, her observation, as well as her eyes and fingers, are kept in full exercise by the family exigencies. Where in the world are my spectacles? what have I done with that letter? asks papa. Where have I put my keys, or my gloves? asks mamma. I have lost my brooch, or my bracelet, or my parasol, cry the young ladies. Mary is the universal referee. Mary knows people's ways better than they do themselves, and, with unwearied good-nature, and a perception amounting to instinct, brings people and their goods together again. It is bad news when this faultless creature announces her engagement to some young man; we are naturally amazed that so much perfection should throw herself away on such a lout, who, whether on workdays or Sundays, seems so immeasurably below her in refinement. But Mary knows her own interests, as well as her heart, best. She has never forgotten the traditions of her own class; her head has never for an instant been turned by the sight of pleasures and luxuries beyond her reach; while her habits of order, and her consciousness of years of trust not abused, make her the best wife a mechanic can choose."

This pleasant picture is not often witnessed in America, although there is a large class of young American women who could perform such duties with equal success, and would doubtless undertake them, were they assured of right consideration from mistresses.

—The steel plate accompanying this number of the *JOURNAL* is engraved from one of those quiet coast views which the late Mr. Seydam delighted so much in painting. The skill with which his pencil would render the soft ripple of the water on a smooth beach, the delicate, dreamy sweetness that he painted in his skies and infused in his sunsets, the sense of calm, of repose, of placid peace that his pictures always inspired, have made his paintings among the best appreciated of our native artists. "Long-Island Sound" is thoroughly characteristic of his style, and is fairly representative of the commonly level shores of Long Island. Mr. Seydam seems to have possessed sympathies solely attuned to the gentle and harmonious aspects of Nature. In all the large number of paintings that he left, there are none, we believe, expressive of the turbulence of Nature—none

representative of discord, or warfare, or contest, or convulsion. He had no conception of struggle or passion. He painted solely skies that hung over the world with benign sweetness, and ocean-waves as they murmured gently on the shore. There is, of course, a larger capacity in that mind which can sympathize with Nature in all her aspects—that has daring as well as repose, the sense of strength, of battle, of triumph, as well as of peace, but the world needs these teachers whose lessons sweeten and soften us, who inspire us with all the gentler emotions.

—*Figaro* has recently deplored in a pathetic strain the decline of morals at Ouhéiti, assuring us that the island is far now from being the Cythera that Cook and Bougainville described. The soil is still wonderfully fertile, the race is still one of the finest, and naturally most elegant and gentle—but what a difference there is in their morals! It says:

"A hundred years ago, travellers were welcomed by choirs of splendid half-nude girls, who came in the innocence of their hearts to offer the stranger flowers, fruits, and smiles. Taiti was the paradise of sunshine and liberty. Now, the English missionaries have passed that way. They dress at Taiti in Liverpool fashions, and ten years behind the times. They go to church. They are married before the minister. They wear false collars. They have umbrellas. An American speculator has just sent out there a whole cargo of sewing-machines."

—The enjoyment of the humorous description of Woodville's *coterie of literati* (in "The Woman of Business," *JOURNAL*, No. 30) will be much enhanced if one attends to the meaning of the names of the party. The floral appellations of the two landscape-painters are sufficiently obvious in meaning; but it may not have been noticed that the battle-painter is "Cesar the Great," and that his wild congener is "Much-run-to-Seed," while the painter of city-life is "Of-the-Street." The enthusiastic poet is "Monsieur Long-Hair;" the theatrical critic, "Sly-Boots." Paris shudders at the melodramas of "The Skeleton," and the club is bored with the entomological zeal of "Professor Butterfly." After names could hardly have been chosen by Dickens or Bunyan.

—A correspondent who writes requesting us to publish, in our series of portraits, the heads of Mr. HERBERT SPENCER and Mr. RUSKIN, is informed that we have the portraits of those gentlemen now engraving, and, that we design to include in the series all the distinguished men of the period.

Literary Notes.

"SIR THOMAS BRANSTON" is the title of a new novel from the pen of William Gilbert, whose "Shirley Hall Asylum" attracted so much attention a few years ago. Mr. Gilbert's novels, with one exception, have not been reprinted in this country; but in England they have gained notice by their Defoe-like fidelity in minute local painting. Mr. Gilbert's style is severely simple, and the incidents of his stories are often so closely realistic as to become harsh and repellent. But he has great genius in analysis, and "Shirley Hall Asylum," known in this country under the title of "The Monomania," was thought, by not a few critics, to promise great things for the author. Of "Sir Thomas Branston," the *Saturday Review* says: "It seems to open as a domestic tale, where incidents simple to dullness, and a multiplicity of trivial details, group themselves in the monotonous life of a village schoolmistress, an excellent but unattractive woman. Mr. Gilbert elaborates with a somewhat wearying minuteness her preoccupations, her pursuits, the contents of her very cupboards and wardrobe. He invites us to extend our sympathies and interest to the colors of her bonnet-ribbons and the crumples of her caps. But this worthy Samaritan—having visited the metropolis, and discharged there the great mission of her life, that of rescuing the heroine of the book from the London gutters—is dismissed somewhat summarily, considering the space she has filled in the early chapters. Then the story becomes rapidly sensational, and, we are happy to add, interesting as well; for the one by no means follows so necessarily from the other as most writers of fiction seem to believe. The machinery of the plot will perhaps hardly bear pulling to pieces. There are strange coincidences, motiveless crimes, eccentric perversions of apparently healthy moral constitutions; while law, physic, and religion, yield themselves in turn in compliant harmony to work the author's will. But, as the machinery is generally effective, and answers its purpose in creating and sustaining an excitement throughout, it would be ungracious to analyze it."

"Pioneering in the Pampas" is a new work, published in London, setting forth the advantages, and some of the disadvantages, of settling in South America. The author is Mr. R. A. Seymour, who went into

sheep-farming in the Argentine Republic, several years ago, with the expectation of making a fortune, and who, if not yet wealthy, has made some advances to that end, the chief drawback having been his Indian neighbors, who occasionally came down, like the cohorts of old, and swept off his cattle and his horses and his mules and his sheep. But Mr. Seymour, notwithstanding the slight inconvenience of an occasional experience like this, attained no little success. Some English people, who visited him, described his farm as consisting of twenty-five thousand acres of most beautiful soil, with six miles of river frontage—"the river covered with swans, geese, ducks, and other beautiful birds too numerous to mention;" while thousands of wild deer swept over the plains, and eggs of various kinds were in abundance. The river Platte, Mr. Seymour assures us, "ought to be one of the most flourishing countries in the world, and the settlers there would appear unable to avoid shortly becoming millionnaires." A new settler, however, requires considerable capital in this district, and hence Mr. Seymour went far up into the back settlements of the province of Cordoba, where there was not a house between his establishment and Cape Horn. The climate in all this district is described as admirable; "the ground need only to be tickled to bring forth abundant crops of wheat and maize and flax." Altogether, if it were not for the population, the country would be an Eden; but, now the war in Paraguay is apparently ended, President Sarmiento is capable, according to Mr. Seymour, and there is hope he will be enabled, to put a stop to the expeditions of the marauders.

"The Goethe Gallery," just issued from the press of D. Appleton & Co., is a companion-volume to "The Schiller Gallery," published last year. Like its predecessor, it is a splendid volume, in all that pertains to costly illustrations, fine paper, and elegant binding. Its fifty portraits (some ideal and others historic) of characters in the poems and tales of Goethe are, as a rule, happily conceived, and all of them are well executed on steel. Each illustration is accompanied by descriptive text, affording the reader, who is unfamiliar with the work from which the character is selected, an opportunity to obtain a slight knowledge of it. A work of this kind, apart from its beauty as an art-monument to the author it celebrates, must clearly prove a stimulant to many persons to a further acquaintance with the profound source which has inspired both artist and compiler. Mr. Frederick Pecht, who has written the descriptive and eulogistic papers that accompany the portraits, has done his work with a lively and yet discriminating appreciation of his author. There will, no doubt, be differences of opinion as to his estimate of some of the characters, just as the ideal heads of the artists will not satisfy the conception of every critic, but, taken as a whole, we know of no attempt of the kind that has been carried out with better success than this. As an art-gallery, it is really only equalled by its companion-work, "The Schiller Gallery," and in its different effective characterizations there is ample variety of subject, as well as an almost exhaustive study of different individualities. Of the beauty of some of the heads and the vigor of others, there can be no dispute, albeit each reader, no doubt, will discover his special favorite. This noble volume must take foremost rank among the gift-books of the year.

Whittier's "Ballads of New England," illustrated by Fenn, Eytinge, Homer, Fredericks, Darley, Colman, Perkins, Ehninger, and Hennessey—all good artists and true—makes a very attractive volume for the coming gift-season. The engraving and printing are quite perfect, and some of the illustrations are as excellent in their way as any thing we have ever seen. Some few of the engravings are up to the best style of English book-illustrations—and this, the reader probably knows, has long been struggled for by American artists. Three things are necessary for woodcuts—good drawing, good engraving, and good printing. The engraver may ruin the efforts of the designer, and the printer may render the efforts of both of no avail. Printing is more important with wood than with steel engravings. With the former, there is an elaborate preparation necessary—what is technically known as under-laying—meaning, the pasting paper under the block, cut out, in order to vary the impression of the press, lightening it here, strengthening it there, so that some parts may be dark and heavy, and others light and delicate. If this preparation is made with skill, all the quality of the work comes out; if not, much of it is lost. Of course, suitable paper and good ink aid the printer. Wood-engraving, requiring the union of three kinds of skill to perfect it, has been a long time conquering an assured place with us; but, in these "Ballads of New England," and in a few recent works of the same kind, we have very nearly attained the highest place. Several of Mr. Fenn's landscapes in the "Ballads" may be specially pointed out as in every way admirable. (Fields, Osgood & Co., Publishers.)

As everybody, being a masculine biped, is either a fisher of trout, or is possessed with a wild desire to that notable honor among men, it follows that all the reading world will be interested in a charming little volume, just issued from the press of Peris & Browne, of this city, called "Brook-trout Fishing: an Account of a Trip of the Oquossoc Angling Association to Northern Maine, in June, 1869," and compiled

for our edification by Mr. R. G. Allerton. The reader will be glad to know that the "Oquossoc Association" is composed of some of the mighty ones of the land, foremost on the list being the name of Jay Cooke. It will also gratify him to learn that the banker is an adept at the fly and the reel, having landed on one occasion a splendid seven-and-a-half-pounder, which afterward figured at a grand dinner at Philadelphia. The little book before us tells all the adventures of the association, the number and the weight of the fish it caught, and the volume is neatly illustrated—a superb red-speckled trout, printed in colors, setting it off stylishly.

A drama founded upon the pathetic episode of the Peggotty family, and their relations with Steerforth, in "David Copperfield," has been produced in London. It is called "Little Em'ly." The "story of little Emily's fall, the sufferings of Ham and Peggotty, the anguish of Martha, the bitterness of Rose Dartle, are brought upon the stage with much force, and move the audience greatly."

The London *Examiner* speaks of Swinburne's new poem, "Super Flumina Babylonis," recently reprinted in the *JOURNAL*, "as a fine specimen of Mr. Swinburne's powers in their best employ—grand, sonorous, melancholy, harmonious exceedingly—a majestic hymn of hope and consolation for Italy."

Foreign Scientific Notes.

THE recently-developed use of mica lamp-cylinders led M. Cohen to construct a model of spectacles, which promise to become useful to large bodies of workmen. The mica glasses are only the half-thousandth part of a metre in thickness, and are capable of protecting the eyes from splinters and dangers of every description in hazardous trades. As only the finest and purest mica will do for the fabrication of these spectacles, they are as transparent as those of the finest glass, although they have a slightly-grayish tint, which imparts to every thing the same shade and color. This slight-gray color, however, is preferred by those who work in forges, as shielding the eyes from too much glare. Besides the quality of completely protecting the eye, they merely bend before violent shocks; they resist falls, sustain the contact of metals at a red heat, and even, for some time, can stand the contact of cast iron in a state of fusion. A point of steel alone can injure them, and destroy their elasticity. These spectacles are a half lighter than the ordinary ones, cost much less, and can be used to preserve the eyesight of men engaged in all kinds of dangerous occupations.

M. Simonin has presented the Anthropological Society of Paris with a large collection of stone instruments found by him in North America. In a tumulus of sand near Salt-Lake City, which he laid open, he found two quartzite stones for grinding corn, flint and obsidian arrow-heads of divers forms, and various other stone objects. He discovered magnificent flint lance-heads in the diluvial soil of Washington, procured splendid specimens of obsidian in Lake Bonan, California, and gathered, on the surface of the soil near St. Louis, Missouri, a complete collection of white-flint spear-heads. He likewise presented the society with two ancient skulls, apparently of great antiquity, brought over by him from America. The one is of a man, the other of a woman, both being brachycephales (or short-headed). The first, instead of having two frontal bosses, or bumps, has only one, which is median. The brow is narrow, the prognatism very strongly marked, the occipital cavity being very small, and of a circular form.

M. Lamont, Director of the Munich Observatory, has issued a new catalogue of stars, which includes six thousand three hundred and twenty-three telescopic stars, between $+3^{\circ}$ and $+9^{\circ}$ of declination, the positions of which have been determined by the Observatory of Munich. It forms the continuation of the catalogue of nine thousand four hundred and twelve equatorial stars, published by the same astronomer in 1866. In the new catalogue there are three thousand five hundred and eighty stars which had not previously been observed, and two thousand seven hundred and forty-three, the positions of which are found in the catalogues of Lalande, Bessel, Rumker, and Schjellerup. A third catalogue, containing five thousand stars between -8° and -9° of declination, will soon be published. The total number of stars, observed at Munich since 1840, may be estimated at twenty-five thousand—the total number of observations made being more than eighty thousand.

The Museum.

ACCORDING to Reell, the larva of a meat-fly becomes, in the short space of twenty-four hours, from one hundred and forty to two hundred times heavier than it was before. Lyonnet has shown, by direct observation and by calculation, that one species of caterpillar is seventy-two thousand times heavier in the chrysalis condition than when it emerged from the egg.

The lotus is a plant concerning which much dispute now exists, as the name is applied to several distinct species, none of which bear the rich fruit so well known to the ancients, and concerning which so many charming legends have been told. It was believed that this fruit was so delightful that those who ate of it would never leave the spot where it grew, but, for it, would abandon home and friends. Homer mentions the lotus-eaters of the north coast of Africa, in the *Odyssey*, where he records their attempts to detain the followers of Ulysses, by giving them the fruit of the lotus to eat, so that they should never wish to depart or to see their native country again. This same poetical idea is known to the Arabs, who call it the "fruit of destiny," which is to be eaten in Paradise, and it is upon this foundation that Tennyson has built his charming poem of the "Lotus-Eaters." Among the many varieties of the lotus, now known, are several which bear delightful fruits, among them are the "Lotus of Linnaeus," which is found in Tunis, and which bears a fruit tasting like a date; the lotus found in Barbary, the fruit of which tastes somewhat like gingerbread; that found by Mungo Park, in the interior of Africa, bearing yellow, farinaceous



The Egyptian Lotus-Plant.

berries, of a delicious taste; and also the different varieties found in India. The lotus of the Egyptians, which is shown in the accompanying illustration, was a fine aquatic plant, sacred to Osiris and Isis, and regarded in Egyptian delineations as signifying the creation of the world.

Lively dreams are in general a sign of the excitement of nervous action. Soft dreams are a sign of slight irritation of the head; often in nervous fevers announcing the approach of a favorable crisis. Frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head. Dreams about fire are, in women, signs of an impending hemorrhage. Dreams about blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions. Dreams about rain and water are often signs of diseased mucous membranes and dropsy. Dreams of distorted forms are frequently a sign of abdominal obstructions and diseases of the liver. Dreams in which the patient sees any part of the body especially suffering, indicate disease in that part. Dreams about death often precede apoplexy, which is connected with determination of blood to the head. The nightmare (*incubus ophialtes*), with great sensitiveness, is a sign of determination of blood to the chest.—FRUCHTERSLEREN.

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